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An Essay on Morals

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and

by Philip Wylie and William W. Muir

THE ARMY WAY

PHILIP WYLIE
An Essay on
MORALS

*A Science of PHILOSOPHY and a Philosophy of the
SCIENCES // a Popular Explanation of the Jungian
THEORY of HUMAN INSTINCT // a new Bible for
the BOLD MIND and a Way to Personal Peace by
LOGIC // the HERETIC'S HANDBOOK and Text
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of MAN suitable for an ATOMIC AGE // together
with a Compendium of MEANS TO BROTHERHOOD
in a Better World // and a VOYAGE beyond the
Opposite Directions of Religion and Objective
Truth, to UNDERSTANDING //*

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For My Wife

Ricky

With Love

A NOTE TO THE READER

THIS ESSAY REPRESENTS THE ATTEMPT TO DISCLOSE A science of philosophy. I have been preparing to write it for about ten years and written half or more of three books to express these ideas—all of which I set aside unfinished. *Generation of Vipers* and *Night Unto Night*—two recent books of mine—were offshoots of the idea I have tried to explain here. The first was a general criticism, the second a novel of specialized rumination. But my main intention has always been neither to lambaste nor to wonder out loud, but to try to teach a logical concept. It is a concept which describes the present chaos of our world—the origin and nature of it—and which offers, I think, a very clear answer to every individual and collective problem.

A large order! A presumptuous undertaking!

The work set aside is evidence of the difficulty I've had even in trying to fill the order. And this Essay is offered with misgiving, with anxiety that I have not expressed the idea adequately for the reader, though with no doubt concerning its authenticity and value. It is not my idea, but only my interpretation of the theories of human instinct developed by Carl Jung from the original work of Sigmund Freud. My interpretation, my description, my derivations,

my additions—the further presumption of a layman writing in a scientific field.

There are several reasons for self-election to the task, and the reader will understand this Essay better for knowing them. One is the obscurantism of psychologists. They need popular translation. Freud's books were, at first, very difficult. Jung's work is all but incomprehensible. I, at least, would never have understood it if the late Archibald M. Strong had not taught me what I could not make out from the text. Other psychologists—Wickes, Jacobi and Gibb—have written books about the theory of instinct but they have not served to bring general attention to it.

And psychologists are deplorably partisan. They school up like minnows and try to devour each other. The "Freudians" are frequently hostile to Adler and Jung. The "Jungians" often exhibit an attitude of silent and mystical superiority as if it were the adequate substitute for honest debate. Freud, when he was alive, sometimes captained this "team" aspect of his science; and Jung, in my opinion, departs from the very law and order he has discovered to make particular defenses and attacks. Their "followers" have sometimes participated in these passions. It may be human; but it is not helpful to the advancement of a vast, new field of knowledge.

Psychology is the science of consciousness—of the mind
—of subjectivity—of who man is and what makes him tick.

It is, therefore, the science of what makes physicists and biologists tick and of why they bother their heads with the nuclei of atoms and living cells. For a century, the physical scientists have had educated man persuaded that the Ultimate Truth would emerge from their laboratories. They banished religion with the snort of "superstition" and held their work to be "amoral." Lately, some of them have turned nervously to the demand for a moral world. And lately, men like Freud and Jung have shown that religion, among other human enterprises of the mind, has more reality and significance than the materialists guessed.

I came to the study of modern psychology as one versed in the objective sciences. I had been converted to the atheistic attitude of the scientist from earlier experiences of faith and conviction in Protestant Christianity. And after a long search into psychology I came to feel that the ideas of its scientists suffered from the limitations of their medical background. Physics and mathematics—with which most of them were unacquainted and for which some of them, like Jung, held almost a disdain—offered to their science certain clues and enlightenments of which they made little use. And for the reason that I do understand physics and mathematics, I was emboldened to write about psychology.

It has been a considerable journey of the mind from childhood through Presbyterianism and pragmatic atheism to the philosophy of this Essay. And philosophy is what it

amounts to. Psychologists avoid the term; it has a speculative connotation which sheds doubt on their status as scientists. I adopt it, then. It gives me an aegis and an operating permit. I am an amateur, a layman, and I do not even own a university degree, but I have the right to philosophize.

Indeed, since a genuine science of the mind exists, I have a better right than the pedagogues who sit in colleges today, with the rheum of antiquity in their eyes, and beards like Spanish moss, talking about the Platonic and Aristotelian systems as if they were still pertinent, and about Kant, Leibnitz, Descartes, Spinoza and a hundred others as if their theories are still worth serious consideration. Fools! So much is already known about the brain (or the mind) which they have not heard of, or properly considered, that these professors are the equivalent of doctors who try to instruct contemporary medical students in the four biles, in bleeding as therapy, and in the theory that disease is spread by miasms and night air.

Ancient philosophy is irrelevant. And yet—the science of the mind, psychology, makes no adequate effort to replace it. This Essay is such an effort.

From the very beginning of what understanding I have of the theories of instinct in man, I wanted, as I say, to pass on the information. That desire has become an obligation. Readers of *Generation of Vipers* and *Night Unto Night*

have written more letters than I could answer properly in a lifetime, asking for a statement of the central idea, or the basic position, from which those books derived. And so I have applied myself four times to the response.

First, I undertook to write a simpler description of Jung's psychology than any I had seen. The result was unhappy: prolix and confused. I am not a psychologist. Furthermore, my own ideas of the subject interposed. Next, I wrote half of a book to dramatize the ideas in an evangelical prose. It is not a good method for the discussion of theory. Then I wrote some five hundred pages of a novel wherein the protagonist was to think out his theory from the experience and event of his life; the reader was to learn, as it were, by the doing. It is a scheme with merit—but I presently perceived that the novel would make its important points after some ten thousand pages and in another ten years of work. And I was becoming impatient. So then I hit upon the idea of a plain essay in philosophy, not confined by scientific methods, not hortative, and not illustrated by fiction. Here it is.

This long bid for sympathy is not innocent. Old readers will remember that, in my lexicon, innocence is the fool's veneer, the sentimental name for ignorance and malice. I have explained how urgently and dutifully I sweat, in the hope that I can shame the reader into making a special effort. To some, the ideas presented here will be familiar.

They will write, as they have written before, "We're way ahead of you, Mr. Wylie." But to others, these thoughts will lie in unfamiliar categories—in categories, even, where they have been taught to resist with all their strength. Hence some will find the understanding difficult. Some, indeed, will write me that they do not know what I am talking about (and, therefore, that I do not know, either).

The theme is difficult. Ideas about instinct represent non-verbal processes. They refer to happenings in the mind for which man has used pictures and stories as symbols over hundreds of millenniums and words for but a generation. They relate to time in a way that bears no resemblance to the common view of time; they concern the laws which govern the energies that evolved human consciousness and control its destinies; in that sense they are long memories and infinite anticipations. To write about them for the unacquainted audience is like writing about a symphony from a person stone deaf from birth, without being allowed to use even the scale and notes. Such writing would concern itself with tone quality, harmony, and time interval, but its author would realize that, while he might impart an intellectual concept of the symphony, he would not be able to hint the experience of listening to one. His hope would lie more in awakening the numb sense and in letting the pupil hear for himself, than in abstract instruction.

My hope is like that. And my preface is a bribe. I think that every reader interested enough in these ideas to work

at them a little will get the hang of them best if he reads right through the book at his regular pace—not stopping even though a local incident confuses him—and then reads it over. For I have tried to express the steps and the basic concepts in the modern theory of instinct in various ways—and if one eludes him, the next may explain. Moreover, the concept is a whole design and needs to be seen as a whole, but the author is obliged to begin describing it at a point and to proceed along the parts of it. These serve for their reciprocal definition. So what is read at the end of the Essay needs to be known at the start, and cannot be, until a start is made again. It is, after all, just one more presumption to suggest that my book be read twice by any who find it elusive, here and there, on a first perusal.

I have tried to avoid the elaborate terms of the psychologists. But it has been necessary to use a few words in special senses. I list them here for the reader's convenience. They need not be examined now. But they will be in one place and he will know where they are before he begins the Essay:

Instinct The energy, and the organization of the energy, which governs living behavior in individuals, species, and in evolution. "Tendency," "impulse," "behavior pattern," and "compulsion" are standard descriptions of instinct. This Essay is, of course, an elaboration of instinct and itself an attempt at further definition.

Opposites This word refers to the very old idea that for every instinct there is an opposite instinct and that they often interchange their functions. "Paradox" is a common word for the idea. Love changes into hate. "Each man kills the thing he loves." "First endure, then pity, then embrace." These are examples. Much aphorism is based on observations of "opposites." G. B. Shaw's work has consisted mainly in hunting out the valid opposite quanta of currently popular ideas, myths, dogmas, and so on. Anatole France used the same method. Ecclesiastes lists "opposites" as examples of the fundamental process. In the concept of "opposites," the reader encounters just such an ancient but nonverbal idea as I mentioned above. Again, much of this Essay is written to clarify "oppositeness."

Law of Opposites The phrase refers specifically to Jung's postulate that when the conscious mind is seized by one definite instinct the "liability" of its opposite instinct is set up with exactly equal force in the unconscious mind. I have also used the phrase to express the general idea that instincts are all opposed, each to each, without reference to the individual's conscious functioning.

Ego There are a dozen specialized psychological definitions of ego. I use it to represent that part of the individual's awareness—of his "I"—which is concerned

with his immediate interests, with his known private motives and desires, with his possessions, and with the selfish projections he makes on other people. In most human beings, what I call ego represents most of what they recognize as themselves.

Collective Ego This phrase I use to represent the attitudes of any group which correspond with the above individual attitude.

Awareness I use this word as synonymous with "consciousness" and merely for variety.

Consciousness What is known to the individual.

Unconsciousness What is true of him and exists in his personality that he does not know.

Collective Unconscious Instinct.

Archetype Any symbol, drawing, sign word, personification, god, hero, saint, narrative, fable, myth or dream which serves human beings to represent an instinct, or a group of instincts, or the functioning of instincts. In the theory presented here, it is supposed that human instincts have taken many forms in man's history. These forms are the "archetypes." It follows from the above definitions that the "archetypes" are mostly "unconscious" or inaccessible to the average modern "ego" which man regards as his whole mind and personality, but which is not.

Mind I have used this word to represent the sum of the

consciousness and the unconscious material in the individual. Jung's word is "psyche." I have tried to stick to the familiar when I could.

This glossary-in-advance is an abbreviation of what I try to define and explain fully in the Essay and the reader may find it of some use to have the terms here together for quick reference. But, as I have said, it is more "the ability to hear" than the structure of the music which concerns me.

The mind of modern man is in a murderous and hysterical condition. He sees himself dying by his own hands; he is here frantic and there resigned. He knows too much of the physical world, too little of himself. He tries to organize society into a virtuous situation and to legislate an enduring peace. He ignores himself. His religions collapse as fraud before his science; his science falters in its lack of a human ethic. He no longer knows what to do because he does not know how he should feel or what he should think. He suspects that he is in some awful, disproportionate relation to Nature. He clings to that which once gave him assurance even while he stares about in the hope of a better security. He is beset by one catastrophe after another and the prospect of future catastrophe is imminent and greater still. Why is this? What is the matter with him?

Who is this masterpiece of dilemma?

An Essay on Morals

I

THIS IS A WORLD NOT OF SCIENCES, BUT OF RELIGIONS. The people in it would rather Believe than Know, Guess than Learn. And it is a peculiarity of most religions—indeed, a general condition of faith itself—that those who believe in one eschew all others, regard their God or their gods as the true divinity, and their system of conduct as alone irreproachable. Thus the heart of religions—even of those dedicated to brotherlove—consists of a superior intellectual posture, an absolute intolerance. Through its mechanism, such passion as man has for truth, his earnest wish to be right, and his desire to excel among his fellow men lie open to perpetual exploitation while his laziness, his irresponsibleness, and his will to conform shape him for the most accessible religion or for that religion most convenient to the nature of his personality, whatever it may be. Fear is, moreover, the father and mother of every religion and of all the gods—their offspring, intellectual stupidity.

A small fraction of our species is irreligious or non-religious or antireligious. The citizens of Russia, for example, were once commanded to abandon God and to abolish so-called Christian ethics. Their State made a busi-

ness of church-desecration and atheistic propaganda. And only recently has it restored some franchise to religion, with the grudging admission that the "bourgeois memories" of man die hard and that there may be some value—or no harm—in controlled worship. The Americans at this instant are busy separating Shintoism from government—changing, if not abolishing, the religion of most Japanese. And among the Americans themselves, about half either belong to no church or belong nominally so that their religiousness may be regarded not as a Faith but as an aspect of Manners. Still, if three-quarters of the Russians are godless, and half the Americans, and a tithe of Europeans besides, four men alive in five kowtow to some sort of god and behave as much as they are able according to some religious pattern, however esoteric, intellectual, or primitive.

The most significant dissenters from Faith are the learned men. Scientists, that is, and scholars, statesmen, doctors of medicine, authors, artists, lawyers and judges, schooled experts in finance and industry: these are so rare among religious congregations that a church possessing even one chemist will boast of his membership as a warrant of Joseph Smith or Jesus, and I cannot think of an anthropologist who seriously acknowledges Virgin, Trinity or Cross. Two generations ago, the university and theological seminary were sometimes one; the former was often born of the latter; but today, the quarrels of Believers with

Scientists have been so numerous, and the resulting public exhibitions of the devout mind have been so preposterous, that the gentlemen who seek only truth in the objective world—the scientists—together with the young men to whom their honest methods have appealed—the sincere students—have turned from the clergy in disappointment, or dismay, or disgust.

This rejection of the church, of theism and theology, has not expressed a social attitude but a fundamental schism between what religion proclaims as Truth and what science finds to be true. The educated American who turns from religion does so not because of the Marxian discovery that it has been used as opium for the people through millenniums of serfdom, but because he has gained knowledge of the origin of his species and, with that knowledge, some comprehension of how all religion came into being, how it evolved, by what historic psychological processes it reached its present many forms. He sees that its ritual is sprung from savages, its doctrine from medieval debate, and the dogma of its sects, frequently, from the mere bumptious disagreement of neighbors. He learns beyond doubt that no Faith has bothered to make a proper study of mankind—or even his own small study—so that the formal profession of belief amounts either to an announcement of ignorance or to a repudiation of reason.

This very modern man is sure that happiness is the

human goal; were it other, were the chief end of man torment, then death would be alone desirable and the billion years we have evolved would have served only this one purpose: that consciousness enough might finally be reached to blot out consciousness entire. No. Happiness is the Grail. And in man's history, ignorance and irrationality have always stood between him and his attainment of happy estate.

That is the plain sylllogism against religion. It is why the educated man has turned from the gods. It is why you will find scant numbers of him in the church and among these, mostly, men afraid to die, old men, commonly. It is why the Intellectuals, who have made themselves dominant in our culture for half a century, are more godless than cannibals and why they regard it as a mental lapse, or a private stratagem, or a treachery to truth and logic, when one of their numbers—a Heywood Broun or a Clare Luce—joins a church, especially a church so doctrinal as the Roman Catholic.

For half a century, and until the present crisis, the articulate intellect of the West has been satisfied that the Grail will be found by the scientific method. This "method," according to the commonest tenet, has already demonstrated that man is a chemical mechanism and thereby has shown that he is controlled by chemical needs (i.e., that man is "economic man"); it now merely remains for the

physical truths of the universe to be exposed for the judgment and action of a creature that is basically reasonable, dependable and good. World happiness will ensue.

These assumptions represent a new Faith themselves, but their subscribers, like all the others, have found no means to associate insight with their own credulity. They have masterminded as much of the modern world as they could get their hands on. They are the Liberal Humanitarians. They are the authors of the long, tedious cult of Realism. They have shown that religion is silly and the church an abomination. But they have thereafter mooned over communism like calf lovers and their disillusionments have been so numerous, so shattering, that their very behavior suggests they never had in mind a Principle but only a host of Sentiments mixed with a body of different little dogmas.

They were correct in assuming that imagination subjected to criticism would yield prospects, that from such prospects laboratory projects could be designed, and from these, truth elicited—for such is the means by which science proceeds—but for some cause unknown to them, either within or without, they find themselves at the middle of the century bankrupt both of examples and ideas. All the liberals, the intellectuals, the humanists, the leftists, the economic evangelists, the “realists,” the scientists and the “spokesmen” for science find themselves to be, as Norman

Cousins says, obsolete. They have nowhere yet succeeded.

When, as in Russia, religion has yielded to "realism," neither liberality nor humanitarianism has blossomed but only instinct regimented, internal ruthlessness, and an aggressive greed. Where the church has held sway, confusion has increased, or the mind's door has been slammed and pure devil-worship has taken the place of discussion—fiat, the place of tolerance. Social discipline but turns the rabble into professional regiments and tenders the keys of human zeal to opportunists, such as inhabit the Kremlin. God's disciplines give the same keys to a Vatican or, in a "free" country, to the vanity of every private Presbyterian.

There is no Reason visible today in a whole world implemented by reason. Frightful predicament! A world wherein the best brains are no longer capable of turning back to the old gods. A world of physicists unmovable by Christian charity. A world four-fifths inhabited by the blindest bigots, born into credulity, worshiping snakes and ghosts and holy virgins. A world which at last has unlocked the secret of objects, whose strength is as the strength of suns because of the pure part of a few minds. A world of muscle, carnivorous, with a very little brain. A new dinosaur—man, destroying, huge—who dimly blinks at the shape of extinction, sees the coming of hunger in a planet his own strength has scourged. A stupid character who has sought violence as the means of his arrogant perfection and

hypocritically to protect himself; who now sits in the gloom of an unradiant mind, waiting for radiation to consume his tissues. The one animal who ever feared himself—as well he might!

A need for human morals is a fact which the Intellectuals, the liberals, the humanists, the nuclear physicists, and even some Marxists noted at least briefly after Hiroshima and before they returned to the sullen proselytizing of economic man. For the first flash of the Atomic Age threw a clear, contrasting light upon the majesty of man's material progress and the inadequate trifle of his good character. Here on the one hand was displayed his boundless physical energy; yonder the stark truth that the energies he had invested in his subjective self (his Beliefs) were pagan, or narcissistic, or nil. There was a flurry of talk about this moral need in the British Socialist Party, a murmur in Moscow, a phrase in *The New Masses*, and much maundering in *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. But these were voices which for a generation had been scornful of morality—proud, like the scientist, of its abandonment.

In the library of liberal minds or the corridors of class-conscious imaginations, very little acceptable material on morals remained. Morals were properties of religion which had been swept out in order to proceed with such real and valuable enterprises as the investigation of atoms. So the Intellectuals spoke of themselves momentarily as obsolete;

they self-consciously enunciated the dreadful, tabu, Methodist word "moral," and went back to their partisanships, strikes and propagandas—their half-century-old discovery that religion is hooey—and to their own religion: that what they are doing is for the good of humanity and that they know what they are doing.

The political world split in two: democracies divided from iron-curtained soviets. Fracture lines began to appear around other elements of the species, the British Empire, for one example, and the Catholic Empire, and the old fascist nations, for more. The dream of Security became glassy-eyed nightmare and Victory on the field the fall of hope. Mankind found himself doomed to day-by-day, year-by-year discovery of an increasing desperateness in his situation.

Science, which had enjoyed its century of light and truth, was locked up and made military. In order that nations might plan even for a partial continuation—in order that political creeds and ignorant religions might possibly stand—liberty was struck dead at its source and the bony old man, the black-cloaked figure of Death, came to squat, it may be for generations, in every dooryard of the world. From now on, and until the affairs of the species are enough uprooted by reason, revolution, or war for enlightened resettlement (even though war involve a return to cave-dwelling!), every man and woman and child lives

in foxholes. And there are (fatuous claims of the godly to the contrary notwithstanding) many atheists among these. But it has proven that both atheists and believers are capable of doing equal damage in identical fashion.

We are like men who have sentenced each other to the dungeon so that it now contains us all, and none of us will pardon another since each can still see, plainly, his fellow's guilt. A few of us, tunneling for light, have struck the sea; it pours in to drown us. We struggle not to recognize our individual guilt and thus make it possible to set free the lot of us but, instead, we try—some with blows and some with arguments—to decide who shall stand upon the shoulders of whom and postpone his drowning for the longest. Meantime the great majority cries out that since we at last recognize the presence of Flood, a gaoler will now surely come from heaven, or somewhere, and release us—though it is ourselves who sinned, judged, condemned, and dug the pit.

American or Russian, Chinaman, Jap, Hindu, or Briton—we are all on this same planet which has become boat-sized of a sudden.

The spectacle is ludicrous; it is distressing.

And if there is a science of morals, it is time to add it to physics and biology, or to try to, for without it we shall certainly die.

II

THE LARGEST PART OF THE HAVOC IN THIS CENTURY HAS been worked not by physical scientists or by the unassimilability of their lore, but by certain naturalists who have hit upon the fact that man is an animal. It would seem that man might have known this all the time, if not through introspection, then certainly by the behavior of his ancestors. But he has been so obsessed with his divinity that he has lost sight of himself as an animal. He has in literal fact so set himself above and beyond and outside animals that for thousands of years he has been loath to show his own skin. And, while he has exploited his mind principally for the pleasure of his body and for the relief of it from pain, he has used his voice and the name of every one of his gods to deny that his body is of any consequence to him. Only now that his body is in danger of universal dissolution does he question his estimate of his soul, and then only briefly, in obscure journals.

The value which might and, indeed, ought to have accrued to the finding by man that man is an advanced beast, has never been appreciated. It is a subject which has no entity for theologians. Metaphysicians and other philos-

ophers will not touch it. Physicists believe either that the mere statement suffices, like Ohm's Law or one of old man Newton's Principles, or else they believe that somebody as bright and persistent as themselves, in another wing of the laboratory, is Working on It and will Announce some Results shortly. A psychologist or a sociologist, that is.

The discovery that man is an animal, long suspected, often denied, and finally proven beyond doubt by gentlemen who simply dug up the graves of the chain of their own progenitors—beyond apes, through mammals, past reptiles, to fish (by which time they were quarrying rather than digging)—is far more useful and fundamental from the human standpoint than the discovery of planetary motion, electromagnetism, and similar bylaws and minor phenomena of Nature. Unfortunately, not one person in ten thousand accepted the discovery for the amazing truth that it represents.

Instead, people redefined animals to suit their preconceptions of themselves. Or they invented a misty moment in the animal chain—which I calculate must have been in the middle of the Old Stone Age—when an outsized male with a curly beard, called God, suddenly breathed a soul into what had thitherto thought of itself as just another primate, looking for meat and garlands and female company. If it really happened, it must have been a nasty experience. Or, on the other hand, "modern" men provisionally ac-

cepted the discovery that they are animals and their provisions have been two: absolute and opposite. That is a circumstance which, alone, should have given a third large set of men (instead of an occasional man here and there), a clue to the missing link in the modern mind.

The provisions were these: first, that if man is an animal he has evolved beyond his instinctual forebears to the extent that each man is now born blank—a *tabla rasa*—subject entirely to conditioning by his environment; or, second, that man, if he is an animal, is a creature of instinct, wherefore his individual and collective fate is bound up in his genes and there is nothing he can do about it. Either man is a naked page upon which anything can be written, or man is a wax platter solidly inscribed with the program of instinct.

Consider, for a moment, to what these provisions lead.

If they are indeed the alternatives which confront man-the-animal, it is obviously essential to find which is true and to discard the one which is false, for politics and sociology, religion and science must await the information so man can reorganize himself to suit fact. From that apparent circumstance have sprung the main ideologies and the principal disputes of modern times. And scientific investigations have proceeded mainly on the premise that one statement or the other must be true, but not both, and not neither.

Those who already believed in economic man (and Karl Marx, let it be noted, had no knowledge of modern psychology) had to believe that man was a blank at birth—a *tabula rasa*—for, otherwise, he was not just economic man, but a creature of more and different elements, not necessarily subject to complete correction through economic equality or any other form of social arrangement.

Those who believed in force alone had to believe in instinctual man, in irresistible impulse, in evolution by aggression, in pecking orders, in tyranny set over tyrannies.

So the Russian scientists set out furiously to prove the nonexistence of soul, of instinct, or genetic inheritance, of inequality, of immortality, of every attribute, in short, which would tend to discredit the theory of socialism or interfere with its practice. The German scientists set out to prove in theory, and afterward to demonstrate in fact, the transcendent power of brute instinct in humanity.

Scientists in the democracies, free to explore either possibility, or new and different theories, left the work mainly to Europeans. The psychological tradition which began in America with James' Pragmatism and produced Dewey's Behaviorism withered on the vine. Instead of pioneering the nature of man-the-animal, Americans studied Pavlov and Freud and Adler and Jung, accepted the theory of instinct—or followed the Behaviorists in its rejection—and gave no evidence that they appreciated the science of con-

sciousness as having any other purpose than to heal neurotics. Americans began thinking with Emerson and stopped with Emerson. They are still engineers—imitators, that is to say: tinkers, not thinkers. And it is only because the engineers have themselves decided thought is imperative that the hope of change is in the American wind.

Godly people everywhere, viewing the proposition that man is born blank, or born instinctual, but either way born animal, could and generally did deny it altogether. They insisted man was divine, not feral, and contained a soul, not bare sheets for socialists to write on, or blistering lusts for fascists to regiment. To save their waning prestige, they were sometimes willing to quibble about the nature of infants and about secular instruction. But most of them fell so far behind the mere data of the last half century that the Intellectuals began to think religion had disappeared or to argue, at least, as if it inevitably soon would disappear, sinking of its own weight, drying away like mold in a sunshine of science.

In these fashions, for fifty years, the knowledge that man is animal has been denied and obfuscated, like other scientific findings, by the religious majority. By the rest, in whom the only hope of prospering Thought reposes, it has been used for the most part to demonstrate the validity of political and social assumptions made before the fact. All through the time when man was muscling up with steam,

electricity and atomic energy—when he would manifestly need increment of knowledge of his inward self so as not to behave like an Attila or a Caesar or a Napoleon with his new tools—he has rejected the opportunity offered to him by Darwin, Lamarck, and the rest.

Religious men—Baptist or Buddhist or Brahmin—welcomed the locomotive and the Mazda bulb. But they flatly refused to take advantage of the fact there was no God, no Heaven, no Hereafter for their bodies or their souls, no Holy Ghost, Atman, Virgin, Saint or Apostle, that all these were the inventions of animals, and that if they wished to have dignity, or peace, or perhaps even life at all, they would have to make the arrangements for it on their own.

[Ideas of God have unquestionably inspired men to noble deed and filled some few with conscience. Perchance these would have been generous and responsible, anyway. But it is certain that up until this very day, God has been man's main excuse for failure. God is his moral alibi. And whether he is born a blank tablet or whether his impulses are stronger than all the wisdom he may get on earth, he cannot even discover, while he serves in piety, his own imagination. For, to the extent a man believes, he cannot seek; and so long as he prays, he is not trying his own best. The dignity which is his as an animal, and the genuine humility which has kept all other species honest, can no more belong to a worshiper of God than to a Hitler, for

God is an idol, man's own image, and human reverence is the fatuous awe of the ape with the mirror. Promises of Heaven, alone, keep men enduring their hellish earth—of Milk and Honey, of Immortal Peace, of German Supremacy, or World Workers owning the World, and Thirty Dollars every Thursday.

To see man whole, not God alone must be put back where He came from, but politics, that latter-day escape, and science as a profession, where they came from. Man must take the responsibility alone for looking at himself alone with all the knowledge he has lately gained. Then, after his terrible confession for his species, and such confession as he will need to make as a private mind—the terrors of which will surely be considerable—he will be able to consult the pure animal, the purged specimen, to find out where he may go by discovering where he is.

There are, in the assorted fields of science, a hundred clues to that position. There are a hundred more in the many religions. There is a great one in their very manyness, as I have said. But so strong is the herd instinct that few persons will leaf through them impartially. Each, instead, sooner or later looks up from the astonishing records, wearily and lonesomely, and decides that he has reached the happy, heavenly, and *joining* condition of communism, or perhaps agnosticism, or Swedenborgianism, or Unitarianism, and so, improved in outlook and mental health,

each returns to but a different covey and enjoys a different—a more enlightened—group stupidity.

(Only a brave man will dare to think with solemnity that he is an animal and there is in consequence no human God, and he will need still more courage to hold in his mind the speculations which will rise thereafter. His solitude will become his chief associate. If he gains self-reliance in it, if he gains peace, if he gains some of the nobility he may envisage, if it makes him rich in spirit, or if he surmounts obstacles of death and of time, he will still need in the morning and the dark night an elemental will to meet the dimensions of his honest mind. For the individual completes himself by the overthrow of his ego; and glimpses of immortality come to the thinking brain not as gentle gifts of God but at the price of utter detachment from the herd in this category and absolute identification with it in that.

Sumptuous, mystical-sounding words!

But, in the discussion which follows, God is not offered back to the reader who will accept Freud also. I cannot much assist "Modern Man in Search of a Soul," as Jung tried to do. I bring no balm and my ideas are not toys. My thesis, offered in the spirit of science—in the expectation, that is, of service only till more truth is learned—begins and ends with the assurance that you, good reader, are a beast, and so am I, and that we are nothing else.

III

IT MIGHT BE EXPECTED THAT OUR SPECIES, FINDING IT needs to know its own nature for certain (Is it Instinctual? Has it a Soul? Is it but unmarked clay?), would undertake to learn the facts by experiment. It is through experiment that it has extended its sensory capacities—mastered the material wonders. Men and women have volunteered for numberless risky tests, courageously, to the benefit of us all. And, indeed, one set of tests for instinct, worked on newborn babes, has shown they have scarcely more than a tendency to cling.

From that, various doctors—to their immemorial shame—concluded man lacked natural compulsion, though the born 'possum has at first impulse but to crawl in a pouch, the seal cannot even swim, and all the instinctual panoply of beasts unfolds along the incline of their years. It might be suggested that the enthusiasm which greeted the news that a new human baby had no instinct excepting a negligible tendency to grasp and grip was an evidence of some prodigious, unrecognized instinct in the professors.

In any case, a true test would have to be of magnitude. It would have to give instinct a chance to unfold on its

own initiative and without direction. So it would take much time—some generations. But would not the results be worth the effort?

Such an investigation would require the long observation of human specimens raised as much as possible without human instruction or visible adult presence. One can imagine a fruited island, purged of harmful insects and diseases and equipped with cast-iron stations camouflaged as tree stumps, full of instruments, slotted for observation and reached by tunnel from the mainland. Here, at the age of hours, some dozens of males and females of various races would be brought. Here, bushes would present their bottles until they had learned, at two or three, to forage for themselves—by suggestion if need be, by their own trial and error if they could manage the event themselves.

In such circumstances, without sight or knowledge of man, without, that is, the means of knowing themselves to be men, infants might be permitted to grow up—and from a few such colonies some considerable notion would be gained of the psychic elements naturally present in humanity and not implanted there by custom and instruction.

Would they love each other? Would they hate? Would they organize? Would they develop racial discriminations by color and nose-shapes? Would they invent a language? (The idioglossaries of children make it almost sure that they would.) Then, would they mate monogamistically?

Or for but the moment? And when they bore young, would they care tenderly for them? Would they develop any natural awe—any religion, that is? Would they have idols—gods? Would they start kneeling in ceremonious rings to the thunderstorm—and would they teach any such ritual to their offspring? Would they show conscience? Would they divide chores and pleasures according to aptitudes? Or by sexes? Would a leader rise among them? Would they barter? Count things? Invent “possessions” and fight to maintain ownership? Or share?

Each reader has probably found himself taking toward this suggestion a particular stand, answering the questions I have asked, to conform with definite views. Let him now consider those answers and ask of himself *why* he has made those especial answers. Does he *know* he is right? Of course he does not. He but infers, and his every inference is colored by what he wishes to believe. Either his own instinct or his training causes him to close a circuit of his mind and in some degree to *assert* outcomes for an experiment the result of which is not known because it has never been made. The nearest knowledge comes from the study of primitive people.

To most readers, perhaps, the very suggestion of such an experiment will seem heretical, unholy, and horrid. A repugnance and a shock will be felt: fear-forms. No man, they will reason, has a right thus to throw away, or to

destroy, innocent human lives. The project is monstrous. And they will probably hasten to bring up suggestions tending to make it seem hopelessly impractical. The children, they will perhaps say, would all die of hunger or loneliness or fear or accidents. But some such idea is not altogether impractical and the laboratory animals, the infants, would not necessarily all die—though some might, and what the rest did concerning that would, again, be revealing. The very people who would resist such a scheme on the grounds that it is atrocious, and who take comfort against it because it would be illegal any place on earth excepting perhaps in Russia (where, I daresay, the fear of its findings might be, actually, greatest on this earth)—the people, that is, who reject the idea of using man to learn about man on the grounds that human life is sacred—are by and large the very people who insist upon a present status quo which has destroyed millions of us in a generation of wars and which, hour by hour, increasingly risks the lives of every single human being. So it is not human life at all which they hold sacred but merely their own creeds.

How shall such attitudes be phrased? Would they rather we all died than that any of us found out the truth about all of us? Is it more valuable to cling to their myth of human divinity than to find out what manner of animal we are so that our behavior may itself become somewhat divine? Or—perchance—is instinct engaged, among all

men, in one transcendent function: the concealment of itself? Is our species oriented by its own compulsions in such a way that its whole conscious mind, among all races and in all recorded times, has acted and still acts to cloak our real nature and to substitute some mere illusion of awareness?

This is a possible hypothesis.

It implies that man has instinct. Let us assume that he has. The assumption represents no great step, now that he has learned he is an animal. He would expect to be, indeed, fundamentally instinctual. But this second assumption—that, so he may consider himself “divine Man,” his instincts have been required by their own laws to repudiate themselves—is a new step. For contemplation, it demands that the best available data on instinct, and on the possible nature of it in man, be brought into sharp focus. What has science to offer in the way of material for this most interesting speculation? What pertinent nuggets are there in history, folklore and religion? What elements of it may be found by simple introspection?

Of the many—of the infinitude—even a very few establish the general hypothesis of human instinct, all gods, all religions, all Reds and Behaviorists to the contrary notwithstanding.

IV

THE FIRST IS A SET OF BIOLOGICAL ANALOGUES.

Each human being, from the meeting of his paternal sperm with his maternal ovum, relives the history of his forebears. He is at his beginning awash in mucus, a dividing amoeba—next, a sea anemone with its root in the uterine wall—then a jellyfish—a gilled fish, after that, afloat soon in his salty amniotic sea—reptilian then for a while—mammalian presently—and at last, when he is ready to be born, the Primate. So Nature, to create one man, repeats cell by cell, the forms of his predecessors.

But the born human being, unlike the hatched fish, is not ready to take up even on a miniature scale the ways of the adult. Now, for years instead of months, its development repeats a second pattern—one whereof the basic cast required a million years rather than something more than a billion. The babe is the brainless, feeding beast that can but cling to its mother's hair; the infant is the savage—unhousebroken rage and hunger—a very ape; the tot with his sticks and mud pies and witless cruelty of investigation is a Stone Age person; after him comes the school barbarian—full of ritual and superstition, hero worship and familial

prides; with the first tinge of adolescence, the mysticisms of the Middle Ages appear; after that (not often, for we have been at this business but a few thousand years and in only a few categories) there occasionally emerges a rare figure, an adult—a human being whose acceptance of what has gone before and whose ever-expanding concern with the truths of what now is give him insight into what is yet to be. This is the individual *Homo sapiens*, full grown, fully aware, whose choices are formed according to consciousness of the long evolution of consciousness and whose prospects extend in the same scale.

Argument by analogue is, of course, inferior to demonstration. Yet, the fact that each one little man recapitulates, the stupendous swing of evolution in his body, and the fact that each one human child lives through the rising moods and upward movements of all past human society suggests, at the very least, that consciousness may be the complement of event, or, in some fashion, the mirror of it.

Einstein, pondering the measurements of Michelson and Morley and predicting the displacement of a beam of starlight, is hardly a spontaneous phenomenon: he is at once the purest detachment and the inevitable product of an almost unimaginable train of causes and effects. And, while our knowledge of biology and of anthropology and of sociology does not prove instinct shapes us, or even settle the eternal, dismal, ignorant argument concerning "free will,"

it gives a most inferior countenance to all prescientific ideas of God and the human soul. Indeed, it destroys them, simply by providing a more majestic truth—or more majestic sets of parallel truths.

V

FOR A SECOND EVIDENCE OF INSTINCT, WE TURN TO PSYCHOLOGY.

Our generation—our century—was bowled over by the discoveries of Sigmund Freud. The idea that part of the human mind was “unconscious”—inaccessible to the knowing ego—was revolutionary. Freud showed that much of the partitioning, the irrationality, the splitting and exaggeration of the personality, rose out of conflicts between this unconscious mind and the willing (or wishing) conscious mind. This was, beyond question, the most remarkable piece of insight in the history of civilized man. In the light of it, and of the discoveries which stemmed from it, man’s history and his present situation should have been relearned by everyone from beginning to end and re-oriented in every brain, step by step, both subjectively—in relation to our outlook on our past—and objectively—in relation to our present beliefs, institutions, aims and relationships.

Such was—and is—the significance of the new body of knowledge.

Of course, a species that is still largely illiterate—a

species that, in spite of its knowledge of applied science, has put iodine and telephones only in something on the order of two or three per cent of its homes—is hardly competent to deliver universal psychoanalysis at the front door. Indeed, it has lately rejected Henry Wallace's dream of delivering even a bottle of milk at every threshold. But the point which will be of concern later in this Essay is that Mr. Freud's ideas, and more ideas like them, must reach the outposts (in Cleveland as well as in Papua) *before* the milk, antiseptics, and electronic gadgets can get there, or get there to any useful, permanent purpose.

The interesting (and to my mind the most descriptive) aspect of the discovery of the unconscious mind—the birth of modern psychological science—is its history in human affairs up to the present. The recipient generation was bowled over, as I have said, but only for a little while. A Galileo of Subjectivity—a Newton of Awareness—had spoken. The objective scientists stopped in their tracks, acknowledged the new principle—and went ahead as if it had never been found! Today, hardly a physicist exhibits the incorporation of known psychology into his pronouncements, either insofar as they concern himself, the author, or the world, his audience. The same may be said of chemists and biologists, economists and sociologists, lawyers, statesmen, bankers, and everybody.

Sigmund Freud showed that all men have mistaken their

own seeming. But men have gone ahead as if they seemed just the same to themselves! (Is this, then, a demonstration in fact of what was just hypothesized concerning a master-function of instinct to hide itself?) It is true, of course, that argument of "*tabla rosa* versus *instinct pattern*" increased in fervor after Freud and tried to justify contending political systems. But, even in this, mankind turned against the central discovery when he felt he had to—and whenever he could, he turned away from it. That would appear odd, in its fashion, for consciousness is more precious to man than all his possessions put together, and here, for the first time, was an opportunity to study it scientifically.

The fact is that Freud's work, and the work on psychology which has grown out of it, has suffered every belittlement, ignominy, argument, sophistry, avoidance, disdain and outlawry the species can invent. And even the superficial reasons for this are, by themselves, so numerous and so quasi-valid that nowadays the average mind is rimed with them. They must be scraped away a little to persuade the ordinary reader that psychology demands his deeper attention.

To begin with, the concept of an unconscious mind is so diametrically opposed to the common habit of thought and to the popular instruction of schools and states and churches, that only an honest and somewhat open intelligence can profitably examine it. Next, the language in

which it is professionally discussed has been, almost exclusively, the language of medicine and of the academy. This, in turn, was for a century modeled on German forms of pedantic expression; to read psychological literature is to take the full measure of the conceit, the insolence, and the lugubrious inclarity of modern scholasticism.

Again, the discoveries and developments of psychology were the work of doctors of medicine—principally three: Freud, Adler and Jung. Not only did they describe their findings in the pompous tone of their profession, but they made those findings among *patients*. Ill people, that is—the mentally ill. It was in an attempt to cure such persons that Freud saw the first inkling—and subsequent knowledge came from the clinic. Most of it was set forth as therapeutics. So the world—even the world of other scientists—thought of modern psychology, if at all, in the same frames of reference as the doctors did—that is, as a branch of medicine. Now, medicine itself is a mere branch of chemistry and physics—an application of the relevant principles of both to the human body—and since psychiatry and psychoanalysis and psychology in the modern sense have come to be regarded as mere offshoots of *that*, they do not have a very high position among the intellectual enterprises of man.

Actually, of course, Freud and the rest were eliciting laws of consciousness of the same magnitude as Relativity,

calculated to redefine and recast every aspect of the mind's knowledge of the mind and what it contains, *including* all science and including itself. Their "psychology" was setting down, at last, a true *science* of *philosophy*, but, since it was called a mere branch of that mere half-science and half-art known as medicine, the tiny type appointed to it by society gave it a comfortably miniscule aspect amidst the exciting work of Krupp, RCA and Du Pont. One thinks of a similar specialized trifle in this connection (and it is still a small thing when compared with the possibilities of our new psychology), a short equation announced by a quiet voice in a most obscure and esoteric branch of investigation, unheard by the multitude, which has nevertheless lately demonstrated itself to be of some magnitude. I refer, of course, to the statement: $e = mc^2$.

If the unconscious mind had been hit upon by the regular professors of psychology (who are still earnestly probing James) or by the ordinary doctors of philosophy (who were still comparing Kant, Leibnitz and Spinoza to the disadvantage of Schopenhauer), the result would have been different and perhaps more advantageous. At least, it might have been. The academicians might have made it clear that their findings applied to more persons than the neurotic and the psychotic—to all the mental states of man in time, rather—and that the cures and improvements effected among individuals, while interesting as proof of the accuracy of their deductions, hardly represented a tenth of one

percent of the intrinsic worth of the new knowledge. Unfortunately, since it was doctors, not the professional thinkers about thought, who discovered the unconscious mind, the league of the universities was largely arrayed against the pioneers—and it is still uncomprehending, belittling, denying and contentious, in the main. A trace of professional jealousy might be divined here.

Besides, the doctors themselves were in poor mental shape to see they had stumbled into philosophy. They had just spent something like a century getting their patients educated to the fact that their bodies were machines. In making headway against superstition, they had made of themselves the chief exponents of mechanism. To keep that advantage, it seemed necessary to explain Freud and Adler and Jung either as quacks, or else as doctors who offered a mere handful of new mechanical tricks of the human cell-complex. Poor fellows! Just as they were making headway against Lourdes and Mary Baker Eddy, their own colleagues turned philosophical. It is no wonder that most of them refused to examine the new ideas, or that most of those who looked into psychology found it incomprehensible. A trained man is hard to retrain; a martyr—which the doctors had been—all but impossible.

Again, Freud's basic discovery was rapidly amended, revised, debated, redefined, enlarged, and variously altered. Scientists, like other mortals, are prone to hold their careful opinions as pure, precious and permanent. Freud was

no exception. Instead of realizing that his law would be refined—as all good scientists should do—he argued back. His first corollary to his statement of the unconscious mind—that infancy sex hostilities, aggressions, jealousies and frustrations shape the conflicts of the mature man—was seized upon as a wrong or an inadequate description of human personality. Freud later developed a magnificent description of the urge opposed to the life-wish—the death-wish, that is, and did not claim for sex-cabala all that he is commonly supposed to have; nevertheless he overdefended that child of his brain.

And when Adler developed the theory of inferiority-superiority, and Jung the hypothesis of intraversion and extraversion, along with some others, the popular mind—rather, the “educated” popular mind, for ignoramuses were not equipped to enter the discussion at all—began to assert that what was only a branch of a branch of physical chemistry at most was also, patently, in a condition of such equivocaciousness as to be unworthy of serious study. Here was one more excuse for avoiding the painful possibility that man’s mind did not know itself—one more “argument” against psychoanalysis and all that pertained thereto. These divisions among psychologists were used as “proof” that their theorizings were insubstantial by three-quarters of the professors on earth and nearly all priests and preachers.

Finally (to chip at a last specimen of the hard rind man has formed against learning his own psychology), the *sexual* nature of much psychological discussion—and especially of the early discussion—so colored the introduction to the general subject as to render it opaque, blinding the novitiate to the immensity of the theme beyond—in filthy blackness, if that was how he already looked at sex, or hues of lavender and scarlet, rainbows, personal psychic possibilities unlimited, be that his bent, or a frosted barrier with no color whatever, if *that* was his sexual conditioning to start with.

Sex, as it will be necessary to explain in some detail later, is the chief vested interest of religion. It is a principal concern of government. When law and religion were embodied together in tribal customs, the administration of sex, next to traffic in ghosts, constituted the main means of continuum for those in authority. Machinations of tabu and privilege, unconscious and traditional through they were and usually still are, capture the libido (the psychic energies) of the many, and hold them subject to the authority of the few. Thus to most people, tampering with sex concepts was equivalent to tampering with the Laws of God, and to the more enlightened minority, it amounted to an interference with Common Law and hence a violation of accumulated Common Sense.

I presume that the doctors of medicine found their first

clue to the unconscious mind in sex and began to unravel the great snarl of human aberration at the sexual end of its infinite skein owing to the fact that the instincts of sex are at once the most powerful and the most frustrated of any, in this civilization. The cases which came before their eyes were most often the derelicts of conscious-unconscious sexual conflicts and those cases were the most dramatic, which is to say, conspicuous. Had the doctors been dealing with American Indians or with Hindus or Chinamen, their first clue to the total psyche of man might have come from another direction: conflicts arising from an inability to accept and assimilate the objective environment.

But their patients were Western men and the common symptom, when diagnosed, proved to be a disease of the sex instinct—or a host of diseases; this circumstance, while it uncovered instinctuality, further relegated psychology to the doctors. For, in the West, whenever some part of sexuality becomes unmanageable for the priest, and uncontrollable for the justice, it is turned over to the doctor—who, before Freud, usually brought it to rest in the asylum.

It will be necessary in this essay to consider our sex morals separately (because that is what we have done for so long), but there is no doubt that the fact of initial access to the unconscious mind through the clinical examination of sex conflicts served as the principal factor in

making it unacceptable to the average modern person. Since recorded time, and even before, according to the evidence of pots and campfires, every human group has had definite arrangements anent sex and family life, husband or husbands, wife or wives, fertility, human cropping, and so on. These arrangements have been as variable and different as the colors of flowers, but each, while it lasted, has represented a powerful group assertion: around each system, Right and Wrong were constellated. So it has been the habit of *Homo sapiens* to take great authority upon himself from the sex customs of his group.

His examination of Nature has also shown him that, for each species, there is a sexual Law. And although living things reproduce by every imaginable relationship amongst their opposite sexes, the fact that each adheres by instinct to its own supports at least the instinctive conclusion that there is such a system for man. Man assumes that the system in effect in his time and region is correct: otherwise it would be different (which is a universal and egoistical viewpoint that has done more damage in all fields of human enterprise than war). Thus, for the doctors to begin the instruction of man in his unconsciousness by telling him he was a secret fugitive from his own sex laws was to tackle his oldest and most arbitrary compulsions.

The Board Chairman simply would not believe that he drank too heavily, and grimaced uncontrollably, in hidden

recollection of his jealousy at the age of three of his father's attention to his mother. He could understand, in the theatre, the effect of Iago's needlings on the Moor. But he could not believe that he was himself an Iago at three—even if he could see the parallel of early childhood and racial history—and he could not believe that what he might have felt at thirty-odd months could still cancer the behavior of the owner of several corporations. Adult infantilism, *per se*, might be admissible to him as a "human failing," but to connect it with sex, and then with incestuous impulse, and finally to describe it as a warp in a whole life, disgusts the important sensibilities of every patient. And the idea that the world's filled with big children—running businesses and driving armies—who have used the time of all their days not to grow adult but to bury infancy within themselves, alive and screaming, hating father, a-lust still for mother's nipples, is so monstrous a conceit, that, were it true, the very societies of man would keep flying to pieces.

Well?

This is but a short prelude to a short discussion of psychology, as a second approach toward contemplating instinct. The biological and sociological analogues stood first. It has been my hope in this prelude to urge on the reader's mind, by examples, some of the impediments which may exist in his own thoughts to a proper apprecia-

tion of the sciences of the unconscious mind—to the demonstrations of the psychologists. No doubt he could discover other hindrances—perhaps more powerful, and probably more germane to himself: the religious Faith of which he has already become “convinced,” or the guiding opinions of a high-placed friend.

I know what I am asking when I ask such things be set aside even for a moment of debate—and that is why I have been at some pains to press back the underbrush of common wont.

Let us look at the theory of instinct as it stands most perfected, annotated, documented and realized, today, in the mind of Carl Jung, who has made a life study of it, going among primitive tribes to live; and let us see what his central conclusion consists of.

I have written before about Jung's theories and a considerable criticism has been directed at me for doing so on the grounds that Jung seems to have been closely associated with the Nazis in their early days and the further grounds that some of his writings have described Jews as a special kind of people—that, in short, he is anti-Semitic. These critics occasionally even have the courtesy to point out that my own campaigns against the anti-Semites and my long, ardent writings against fascism are inconsistent with my interest in Jungian speculation.

They are people who cannot separate the man from the

idea. They are like many "Freudians" who have come to regard their Doctor not as a man thinking, but as a Saint, whose every phrase is perfect and whose every act was holy. They are worshipers, like all the worshipers of Jesus, who somehow cannot imagine that knowledge has been increased by any man, or wisdom extended, in two thousand years, or that either will ever be enhanced. The worshipers of Jesus also cannot imagine that he ever misapplied his own intuitions, or sinned, or made a mistake—though all the Gospels teem with puzzled testimony that Jesus did do just such things. In exactly the same way, the Marxists are worshipers—pagan-brains—who have less interest in reason and in sanity than in that pure (though limited) emotion of the man inflamed by a god and a dogma, mistaking a passion for all truth. So are Stalinists, for that matter, and Trotskyites, and all others who think that what they know today will represent the whole Reality tomorrow.

If Jung is anti-Semite, then I hold it not merely my right to oppose his view; but I also contend that he has erred in the application of the very laws he has described.

If he favored the Nazis in their early career, then, again, he misevaluated the very conclusions he has written down, or mistook his own premises, or both. Certainly he knew the Nazis were mad before the war began, because he said so, himself, to me, and with a brilliant detail.

I am not pro-Jung, or anti-Freud, or pro or anti any person. To be so, is childish. Would it not seem preposterous for the reader of this essay to consider himself more or less, or now and then, either pro or anti Philip Wylie? Let the person escape! In the study of ideas, who had them, or what else they did and thought, is irrelevant moonshine.

The identification of people with ideas (part and parcel of the god-making machinery we have developed) is the very reason so few people have any ideas at all. Instead, they have Somebody. Some animals, that is, begin to think and think of God, whereupon reason is replaced by idolatry—and instinct thus reclaims them. For so miserably amiss are human affairs that even the conduct of the man of an Idea is no criterion of the thought; he might have had ten minutes of insight in four-score years of shame—and those few minutes would be priceless for us all, while the balance of his doings would be class-lessons for the devil. Only were enough people enough concerned with ideas, might public conduct calm down and the private account of it bear testimony. We are not our brothers' keepers: this does not mean we have no responsibility for mankind, but that we have no right to nose and meddle—to judge unjudged.

As men live now, the gift of insight is also a great burden, for neither is its owner allowed to behave perfectly, nor does the lewd mass like what he thinks of them. Personal blunders are inevitable: it is the attempt in the

mind that has import. Freud held a good opinion of himself; Jung holds one of Jung. Let that suffice them; and let us concern ourselves here with what they did think—not with what Jung may have failed to think about enough.

VI

JUNG SUGGESTS THE TERM "COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS" TO describe human instinct. By "collective" he means that instinct is common to all men evenly—the same in Sitting Bull and Henry Ford, Brahms and Genghis Kahn, Cleopatra and Mrs. Roosevelt. By "unconscious" he means that the body of human instinct is situated below the threshold of identification: that it operates unbeknownst to man. He does not mean that it cannot be recognized, but that recognition of it is difficult and esoteric, as is the recognition of infantile jealousy to the Board Chairman.

Jung, like Freud, faced an audience of mechanists—of intellectuals who had already decided that life was an automatic chemical phenomenon and consciousness a tricky, particular attribute of man. The Pragmatism of James and the Behaviorism of Dewey tended to indicate that with the dawn of human reason, instinct had disappeared—a mechanism no longer necessary to the species. It seemed evident to most sensible people at the turn of the century that man had now only to figure out his physical needs, draw up a plan for supplying them, set up a government designed to effect the plan, and proceed forthwith into a permanent

age of prosperity, progress and peace. Empirically, the idea was sound. Behaviorism connoted that education would implement common man for the event. Physical science made it plain that the production portion of the scheme was practical. All that was necessary was a "selling campaign" in two parts: first, a public inspection to show the misery of human conditions and the obsolete nature of that misery, and second, a propaganda of organized brotherhood, equality, and socialism. The keynote of our culture became Realism in response to the first need; and various nations are still engaged in trying to set up systems to satisfy the second teaching.

This eupeptic psychology promised to every son of Adam, every worker, owner, and professional man, exactly what he coveted; and it was altruistic, besides, so the Christian Church could embrace it; the only dispute concerned who would eventually own the good abundance of the brave new world; the workers, the capitalists or the State. Mechanism—materialism—progress—in a Teddy Roosevelt world! There was the precedent of history to show that whoever wins the final dispute over ownership becomes tyrant, and the tyrant becomes the state, but it was presumed that the new-found equality of man would at last obviate that detail.

Here, a Golden Opportunity perished—or was stalled. Ideas of Americanism—of liberty and education in truth by

the development of the Continent for cultured men—the proposition of a dozen dreamers in our eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—fell away in the cheap and instantaneous exploitation of the great land by the greedy few. Our literary men abandoned the ideal without a sign of struggle and became, instead of new prophets of new instinctual possibilities, pale imitators of the bloodless, bloody Europeans—little Ibsens and Zolas and Tolstois. The voice of the American Dream fell silent. There was nothing to go by. It became the fashion to find all poetry in rivet guns and all beauty in Chevrolets. Documentation was mistaken for method; material progress for civilized hope.

Jung had to say that it was wrong, that man was still in the thrall of his instincts and not at the throttle of his good intentions.

The commonest method in those decades for showing the atrophy or absence of instinct in man was to solicit a demonstration of instinct at work. A small-boy sophistry! The subsequent, somewhat wider acceptance of Freudian hypothesis has damaged that procedure, and Jung's hypothesis was even more profound. Here is the nucleus of it:

Wherever man goes in time and space he evolves a body of *legend* that is fundamentally one legend. It is—in every language, on every island and shut-away plateau—a story, or a series of stories, involving the conflict of opposed

forces—each force characterized by a man or by a beast. Jung called these spontaneous characters “archetypes” and suggested that the mental images of gods and devils were as implicit to the human collective unconscious as whatever image, or compulsion it may be which starts the birds to building their nests.

The masterful groundwork for this concept had been set forth by Frazer in *The Golden Bough*. He collected the legends of the world and made a beginning at comparing their elements. Jung followed numberless basic story-patterns and heroic personalities to show their identity; he tracked through time, and round and round the planet, countless symbols independently originated to mean the same thing. He canvased continents and ransacked ages. He put the endless same questions in front of every parallel and every hint. The sum of the answers overwhelmingly demonstrates that man turns his instincts into legends—that is, into religions and folkways; were there no other evidence, Jung’s collations would suffice for all but the most skeptical.

Why do the gods—the archetypes—come in parts, in families? Why fathers, virgin mothers, sons and holy ghosts? Why the same pattern on Olympus where the Greek Gods lived? And among the Norsemen? Or the Egyptians? Why do Christians, proud of their “monotheism”, have none of it, and forever split their God back

to Trinity, or family, in the archetypal fashion? Why does each part represent a quality and a force? And why is each everlastingly pitted against elements similarly characterized and personified? Why does Theseus lift a stone, Perseus slay Gorgons, Loki wrestle death, Phaeton run the sun's chariot off its course? Why are the gods not only opposed—good against evil, virtue against sin—but imperfect? Why is the devil sometimes a gentleman and the principle divinity forever behaving with mortal indecency, so that poor man himself is constantly disappointed by the former and betrayed by the latter? Why is the female principle allied so continuously in legend with darkness and the male with light? Why do the races of men stand lovingly in awe of maternity—and always hold in their minds witch, queen of hell, Lilith, Harpy, Gorgon, and the apple-stealers, the prompting Helen and the originally-sinful Eve? What is the universal principle of Achilles' heel which afflicted Samson, and a thousand other heroes? Why is it ubiquitous? Why does a conscience operate in these legends—a necessary compensation—a compulsory appeasement, penalty, penance, or sacrifice for what has been done and also for what is wanted? Why is the purest among men and gods forever put to death in token—the virgins of ten thousand races—Christ himself? Why is the precious jewel—the very philosophers' stone which turns all base metals to gold—found in the head of the ungainliest of things,

the toad? What is the importance of this everlasting legend—this twice-a-thousand-times-old tale of beauty and the beast?

(Questions, no doubt, for Behaviorists and Mechanists, Pragmatists and Marxists to scorn—coincidence, perhaps—natural interpretation of superstitious observation. One might as well ask why the three brains that uncovered the deepest laws of subject and object and human relations were in the heads of despised Jews—Jesus, Freud, Einstein—as to ask about jewels and toads. “Irrelevant!”)

Why the Cross? Why do the crosses of half a million years of man stand for man himself—in New Mexican caves and in Mongolian mountains? For man—and for the sun, besides. The cross with the running feet is the Swastika, older by thousands of years than the modern church ornament—but why is it so old? Why is “right” acceptable, “left” *sinister*—why is the Nazi swastika a bad-luck sign and how did the Nazis get to use it in its timelessly accursed fashion? Are not these prehistoric crosses—and various stars and circles—the same as yang and yin, with all the opposite forces and directions symbolized? These mandalas the ages draw—are they not identical? Old Stone Age men, Navajos, Park Avenue interior decorators and Chinamen have put, in myriad designs, a black spot in the light region and vice versa to symbolize not merely that night is implicit in day, or that the “Achilles’ heel” is

everywhere—death in life, life out of death and only out of death—but to show that bridges connect all opposed psychological forces. Are these all related by a coincidental impulse? Is this process, whereof the world overflows with evidence in legend as much as in symbols, an accident? Any such explanation is a statistical monstrosity. It must be concluded that there exists in all men at all times an instinctual urge to symbolize instinct and to personify it.

Every church is but the all-unconscious attempt to express and to obey the endlessly reiterated patterns of instinct. Every nation has a government and a body of law embracing instinct. Every superstition is a fragment of it. Instinct—implicit in natural awareness—whereof the laws of force and opposition, inertia and diversion and compensation, have been set down by every kind of man in the clearest terms he could manage, eons before he could write. Jung's demonstration of legend as the active and discernible function of instinct in man, while not basically concerned with the legends which are modern religions or the tabus which control modern society through common law, established the identity of these with the older forms by the mass and the direction of its own documentation.

But his argument for instinct, for a "collective unconscious", might still stand as hypothesis—as no more than an extraordinary feat of scholarship—were it not found in the psychiatric clinic, every day, that men and women

who have never heard of the historical relationships *dream* the venerable symbols, and *dream* the legends—complete, with their archetypal figures in the antique, classic forms. Human dreams—the very functioning of the “unconscious” mind, as any dreamer will admit (not wishing to be held accountable for what his sleeping brain considers)—repeat in the often unwilling and usually uncomprehending ganglia of modern man all the patterns and persons and problems and explaining devices with which his ancestors tried to express the very instincts which he, as a rule, is busy all day trying to deny or repress. Thus the unconscious mind endeavors to warn, instruct, and balance the individual’s distorted or distorting ego and the old idea that dreams have meaning is finally interpreted: they are Function.

Children, who are not very conscious, by definition, also often draw the primitive symbols spontaneously. They, too, dream dreams that once were religious practices and legends and images of worship. Idiots, also, are bountifully productive of tangible proof in speech and drawing; and the very natures of their afflictions shows how we are not bare tablets, blank clay, or separated in any fashion from the million years we have been men and the billion we have been beasts.

Our minds, whatever else they may be and may do, essentially own, whether we are aware of it or not, the same kin-

ship with life which our bodies have exhibited as they grew in the womb to infancy, and our persons, as they developed from the cradle to such maturity as we may individually possess. We belong in the trajectory of evolving consciousness and that we can think, or that we think we can think, has not changed our curve of ascent or even much accelerated it, so far as we can tell. The laws of instinct are still absolute; they must still be served; the violation of them has in each instance its appointed cost and it must be paid by men for what men do.

To *understand* is our new capacity—the peculiar limb of our species—our bright wing. Until we understand instinct—the laws, limits and possibilities of it—all that we call reason will but produce distortions in our views of ourselves and in our course, causing us to slow or waver on the way. Reason will be rationalization for a temporal advantage, whether it be pronounced by the President of the United States or the Pope: a mere *disturbance* with a finite end, by opportunism fetched from instinct—a short-term *purpose* confined by a narrow view of ourselves.

Instinct to live: to die.

To love: to fear.

To individuate: to submerge and belong.

To give and thus immortalize: to own and thus destroy.

To be powerful: to be humble.

To trust: to suspect. And so on.

The vehicles of the principle—men, sometimes whole nationsful—seem to deny the truth of instinct for a long while, even as particles in a diffusing gas at one moment and in one place will collect despite the general motion. But it operates in the end. The Bible is an anthology of ways to state instinct (which is why it is precious) and Christ tried every parable he could think of to explain what he knew of the corollary forms of creation and destruction—of the steady increment of consciousness amidst chaos.

In the theory of the collective unconscious we have the same kind of key to the energies of the mind that physicists have supplied for grosser energies.

Jung says that for every instinct in conscious use there is an equal and opposite instinct-counterbalance in the unconscious mind. It might be added that instinct, like inertia, tends to move unchecked until opposed. Or it might be said that instinct is the thermodynamic law of all mind, conscious and unconscious, whereby psychological energy is conserved, so that whether it be now in one form or now in its opposite form, it never disappears. And from this it might be inferred that the cyclicity of our partly conscious lives is the result of our failure to grasp firmly and at the same time the oppositenesses of our instincts, so that we are now inflated and now depressed as individuals, now in boom and now in depression as nations, and now flourishing and now sacked and waning as civilizations.

But it is difficult, because of the fact that instinct is administered rather than understood, and possessed through common consent by churches and governments rather than fixed as principle in every private brain and the heart, to convince a preacher that his sermons nowadays stultify more people than they save and that he is doing the devil's work—or to show a soldier that his incessant victories are losing for the troops and for the valiantly defended citizens at home every remnant of value and sense which had preserved them.

Freud demonstrated instinct and Jung, the great pattern of it, as plainly as the biologists have demonstrated that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny—that the individual foetus evolves just as did its ancestors. I have followed the whole argument from start to finish in many books: I can but sample it—give the shape, order, and logics of it—in an essay. But the fact that it has convinced me is not one I would urge, in trying to convince any reader. For, to understand instinctual theory requires more than a legalistic intelligence. However clearly it might be stated, it could be resisted with a seemingly equal lucidity by the skilled attorneys of numerous Beliefs. The nature of it, like the nature of quantum mathematics, is not logical according to previous, familiar logics, but transcends them. And the best apparatus for its apperception is its own self. Just as any one element of instinct, when adopted as the Truth

Whole, tends to hide away and to make "unthinkable" or apparently "impossible" all the rest of instinct, so the entirety of it, admitted even to an inner discussion, goes on to illuminate its full function in the individual.

In that, instinct is like what is called the Grace of God—but not so narrowly autonomous, since it includes the graces of all gods, and not so apt to pinch up the personality in a little, busy malice, since it is undenominational, and somewhat more scientific, since it can be stated in algebra, or physical equations, and also far more artistic, since all the arts derived from it (which the artists have always known) and since it is, besides, the best definition we have for the art of life.

I would not, that is to say, seriously try to slip into discussion a fait accompli—trapping my reader in a demonstrated fact when I have only invited him to contemplate the possibility of it—for the reason that in my opinion no one can be *argued into* an understanding of instinct. The achievement does not lie in that direction and is not reached by such means. If that statement seems but a still subtler solicitation of the patience, attention, and maybe even the credulity of my reader, then, at the very least, he should perceive in his shrewdness that mine is worth following some few more steps, if only to sharpen the wits of his convictions.

Many inquiries concerning collective unconsciousness—

instinct—have occupied my own mind since I learned of it and I have researched them as best I might with that instrument.

The first was something of this sort: if we, men, are creatures of instinct and only such, how have we managed to build so long-lasting and prodigious an illusion that we are not such, or that we are more, or that we are other—divine beings, instead of beasts? Where, so to speak, is to be found the beginning, the rudiment, of this august blunder?

The difference between instinctual life and conscious life lies along the dimension of time. The "use of time" increases on the ascending scale of living things.

For the animalcule—reflex. If the waves turn him upside down, his cilia turn him back. If he swims into a shadow, he retreats toward the light. His capacity for conditioning is small, his memory meagre, his response all immediate. His awareness is a present encountering and for him five minutes does not exist. His life is a plane without time.

The reptile waits and watches. Here is instinct at the beginning. From the bottom of the pond, the frog and snapping turtle look up and measure what is swimming toward them and how long it will take before they can snap at it or whether—in the frog's case—it is a big Thing, a bird with a bill, and it is time to wallow down in the muck. The minute here exists and it is used. Conflicting

impulses employ it; and in it, through the very dimension of it, perceive and settle problems. It is a new consciousness, an addition on the timeless plane.

The squirrel that buries nuts or the bear that lies down in a cave may not appreciate how long the winter will be, but their instinct knows of it, and these are mammals who act in accordance with long stretches of time. They are even able, when confronted with uncertainty of friend or foe, to live *along* time and think a bit, whether to rush in, biting and uttering sound, or to run away. They pose themselves before inaccessible viands and, with dim, clumsy associations, invent small stratagems for the occasion, shaking a branch, reaching with a stick. Time is employed; haste is not always the reflex; occasionally there is a choice.

Some early apeman (or many, in different places and in varied situations), pursuing the corporeal aims of instinct and encountering alternatives (of taking risk to gain food or of going hungry, or breeding surreptitiously and hazardously with an owned mate or swallowing lust, of facing the problem of battle or flight, or any other of a hundred conflicts in the chore of being), discovered, in the use of time—the employment of thinking, that is—the first tracks of the agent, which is to say, the apeman himself.

When that happened, there commenced in him and soon

in all his kind, a reorientation of impulse and object, of agent and dimension. No longer did these function autonomously. The infinite glass of animal time, of instinctual timelessness, was hazed over faintly so that the quarry or the foe beyond it dimmed a little and the hot impulse of chase was cooled a little and a little of the time intended for a mere animal resolution of purpose was, instead, expended to look, not through the glass, but into what it had suddenly become—a murky mirror.

In using time, that is, the animal finally took possession of enough of it to be able to behold himself.

Consciousness was born, then—consciousness of self.

The Ego magically appeared in the new dimension.

Natural aspects both of dignity and of conceit were suddenly seen by the owner to be owned. I am I, he reasoned. He grunted, and he heard himself. He threw a stone, and possessed the arm that threw. He laughed at the flattery of the finding—and thought what a fine laugh he had. His quarry was now doubly his—his by the primordial right that he was the biggest animal chasing it, and his because he suddenly knew who he was and the very knowledge of himself was incentive in a fresh dimension and of a new intensity. With Ego came the sense of Property and Possession for its own sake and beyond natural need.

For all the visible purposes of the newly recognized

Ego, it was a most efficient discovery. To augment the prosperity of family and tribe it could be put to an ever-expanding variety of uses. Man needed but time to resolve his conflicts of impulse—and time's use saved the wear and tear of resolution in the flesh. Soon enough, man walled his cave, mastered fire, invented tools from sticks and rocks, and enslaved other men not quite as up-to-date as himself and such still-dreaming animals as seemed worth the effort. In this infinite dimension, his ego grew enormous, but not infinite. For the old fears kept him humble to some degree, and new mistakes, new perils, rose from his interest in himself and his possessions.

He mastered time, but time conquered him, also. His ego could exult because it knew itself well enough to plan, but it could also worry, for the same reason. The peace of animals—the timeless peace of the collective unconscious—was gone. With each increment of present self-awareness, the motion of eternity within him grew proportionately dimmer. Instinct functions in eternity.

Man's loss plagued him sorely. As king of the beasts and owner of plain and forest—as master—he felt entitled to be rid of his wretched new sense of temporal limitation. The very ego—the I—to which he had become dedicated and through which he had acquired and achieved so much could not abide the notion that it would perish, while flowers and dogs and cats and stars continued. Yet the

fecund, vertical stack of the Present, the skyscraping tower of objects learned and owned, cut off Past and Future, making them—equally—mysterious, incomprehensible and unimaginable.

He was a fairly modern man, by then.

He had "tasted the Fruit of the Tree of Wisdom." He had learned a mirror to look in. But the very image which so pleased him and which, by mere contemplation, could produce all manner of miracles in the world of objects, severed of necessity his connection with Nature, with the Peace that does not need a dogma because it is itself The Faith. To own objects, he was forced to identify with them. He became a Realist.

He had committed the Original Sin—now whimsically, and typically, and from a cruel necessity of ignorant repression attributed to Eve.

He had sold his birthright, his soul, for pottage.

Or to the devil, for the kingdoms of earth.

One way or another, the event is recorded in all the legends.

He is still, this animal, separated from time by vanity.

All his religions, and all his nations, have been raised up by him in the attempt to find a way to enjoy his temporal kingdom and thereby his ego; but every priest and patriot who encouraged him into carrying bricks for a city or waging war either for country or for God has enlisted

this poor animal by promising that, in the end, he, or at least his children, will be given back the permanence, the timeless consciousness, which is the jewel forever lost in such incessant scrambles for more self-consciousness, more self-aggrandizement.

When it is said that the meek will inherit the earth, it means animals so meek they have renounced the arrogant gods and the nations and all temporal luxuries including the greatest: their own vain images of themselves.

Meek indeed, and a far horizon, amidst such ostentations as atomic bombs!

Oh, every excess! Even the very opposite of vanity, the vanity of self-abasement! This egotism, too, is expectable from the mechanics of instinct. Thus the Hindu, for example, the yogin, whose excesses of immaterialism, whose biting disciplines of the flesh, squeeze out as if in an angry paroxysm of protest such accurate appraisals of reality as make the scientists blink with wonder after three thousand years and yet will not lift a people from self-torture in their own dung. Their very description of themselves needs must run backwards with the arrogant spirituality of their self-appraisal, so that they who stem from fish and reptiles and from mammals canting through the trees, in the apogees of self-indulgence in the archetypes, see the historic event as Prospect and assume, from memories

turned against them, that they will be reincarnated in those old, transcended forms.

It is by a similar false equation that the Protestant keeps roasting himself in Hell and drinking honey in Heaven and the Roman Catholic saves dimes to buy time out of Purgatory.

Time—time—all time—abused to please the ego; pleasing it—abused from the stark necessity of compensation and so torturing ego.

I thought that if such is the occasion of our difficulty—if we have eaten our time-awareness to fatten our ego, and if the disposition of the growing child is a true history of his rising race—there should be some evidence of the fact in the very young. And there is, as has been said in another content. The young child is not a natural I, but "he." It refers to itself in the third person, often enough: "He threw a stone," not, "I threw a stone." The lost period—the period of acquaintance with the collective unconscious, the timeless time which was before the ego—is everywhere experienced and spoken of by children. But we hasten them out of that contentment and into the bloody stage of egotism: "Not 'he', Johnny. 'I'." And "I" he says and "I" becomes, at the cost of remembered treasures of truth and knowledge, sentiment and attitude which are deemed "infantile" by a society of truly infantile adults.

The man who asked that little children be suffered to

come unto him, for of such were the kingdom of heaven, had access to the timeless instincts.

And this description of time and ego is what Mr. Aldous Huxley's characters are trying to say when they discourse so eloquently, so knowingly, and so cryptically, upon the identity of Sin and Time.

This process, hideously exploited by the church, sets up bodies of collective ego, of Baptists and Catholics, sucking from the human soul its hope of independent awareness and substituting a doctrinal vanity, making it possible for any dogmatist, Fosdick or Wise or Newman, to "prove" all other men need dogmas like their own, by the Assumption of God's Word, and to convince the imperished rabble of minds that each little one is a Jesus, sanctified in self-righteousness, by the same Assumption. It is a sorcerer's use of the instincts, binding them hopelessly; it corrupts the timeless force in order to give every holy lie more majestic seeming than scientific revelations and thus to make itself, the church, seem and be timeless, and banish truth altogether, perpetuating religion by generations of confiscation of property. The cloak of priestly clericism has rustled over the flesh and blood of the naive for ten thousand years, like leathery pinions of a vampire bat.

In the unconscious night their instinct is drained out of them, to be sold back to them in the day, drop by drop, at the highest price that can be extorted—mite of widow,

munificence of merchant prince—for a baptism, a candle, favors to a relative in Purgatory, hired prayers such as plaster the oriental wheels, cheery counsel and a bedside manner, circumcision, confession, communion, marriage, blessed sacraments, demonologies and barbaric incantations, massagings of the soul and costly peeps at their own infinite gallon of stolen blood, in dim shrines to organ music, for which the anemic victims are taught in the cradle to be grateful, glorifying the Christ and supporting the church. Verily, a drop of wine, a pill of bread and a brief, shabby exaltation of the vanity in exchange for the eternal blood drained out of them by their own fellows dressed up in magic suits—the blood of all living things, the very sea, the proton.

Our liberals, our intellectuals, our autoselected spokesmen for the culture of the physical sciences have long clearly perceived these dismal effects—these facts—of the church. Occasionally, they have made a clear and even annoyed argument against the ageless mortification of the dignity of man. But generally, having extricated themselves from the abuses, they have tried merely to smother religion with the notice that it is the people's opiate. Alas, they have had nothing to offer, not even a new corruption of instinct—no equally alluring counterfeit of "infinity" and "eternity" as a substitute for the church. Instead, they have held out its Entire Opposite—that man's a Thing,

a high-grade gadget who mass-manufactures himself and whose function is also enjoyment of factory produce—Consumption—tempered by such mild rules of humanitarianism, of neighbor-love, fraternity and self-sacrifice as will keep him stoking the boilers of industry and at the same time contentedly sucking its ten quintillion steel teats.

The Original Sin—the discovery of ego, the invention of God, the seizure of the conscious thrill of the vanities that cost our hold upon the all-pervading, all-explaining, all-motivating experience of Time—has afflicted the good ungodly exactly as it did the evil godly. For a century, they, too, have joined the argument over how many angels can dance on a pin point. An honest man will see there are no angels because there is no need of angels; a scientific man will see that pins taper not into points but craggy mesas of molecules. The question forever involves neither pins nor angels but why these human beings devote so much energy, such faith and loyalty and blood and treasure, to such nonsense. How little is modern in the modern mind! Fishes are more contemporary than men.

The very attempt to banish instinct which is made by the liberal, and more particularly the socialist, and most especially the communist, has demonstrated instinct by driving whole segments of humanity into foaming furies of reaction—such spasms and ecstasies as have literally reanimated the Viking legends, set men parading around

fires that roar for Wotan, and restored the Inquisition everywhere—in proof again (may I say?) of the accuracy of Jung's theory of this collective unconscious and the archetypes, even though it may have nearly drawn the eminent Doctor into its own vortex.

Instinct is real.

When a species splits up, as now, to personify instincts consciously on one hand on the other to deny them all and so fall unconsciously victims of their merciless management, "choice" is difficult and "decision", once made, well-nigh irrevocable.

It is only the individual who understands man whole, by knowing himself, who can still glimpse time while appreciating reason and who is able to see that the alter-nativity is fraudulent—that both opposites are versions of the prehistoric error—and that *choice* is not the problem.

For both must be accepted in their categories and both rejected in the man's.

From such reasons and musings, I have concluded that the day the old ape decided he was more than a beast—the day he found the temporal pleasure of his ego, the day of the original sin—marked the beginning of the blunder. It was not, I think, an outsize man with a curly beard called God who blew into the creature an immortal soul. It was the animal himself who decided, by self-worship, to guarantee his own immortality, and persuaded himself

he was divine that instant by repudiating the timelessness of instinct.

So he worshiped instinct—loved it and feared it—instead of practicing it and participating in it consciously. He tried to make himself better than Time.

At first, he stood so close to the animal that his gods were animal gods or men with animal heads. Soon, as he plucked up the vanity for it, his idols became men—though often with extra arms, or eyes, or legs, or faces, or wings added, or men of a gigantic stature. Finally, sophisticated in the art of self-admiration, and with an ego into which he could stuff more and more insubstantial theory—with, that is, a good appreciation of the physical benefits to be derived from theory—he reversed the symbol, and, lo and behold, it came to pass that man was made in the image of God. The idolatry unchanged: but its formula back-circled to dreaming—to a *theoretical* false semblance of its original estate in instinct. Now, liberated from images he had made with his hands, he could contemplate images of God in the mind with the same machinery which had once kept him acquainted with instinct; this step assured him he was free.

The circuit took many thousands of years. Once closed, it held man in the enigma of dimension. Born spherical, he chose to be a circle because in two boundaries, alone, could he possess his ego. So, sliding endlessly on his own

surface, he claimed to have a grip upon infinity, though he could no longer see through himself, or into himself, and he worshiped his image, his disc of God, by saying he was the image of It.

One single mistake about time has birthed the metaphysics of every civilization!

We are unaccustomed, today, to the acknowledgement of such long and grievous errors. Only a few scientists have achieved the insight, the humility, for such great procedures.

But we were never much accustomed to a high moral estate after we had made our first misjudgment in the mind.

We thought, for instance, that the earth was flat, for some hundreds of thousands of years. The different truth was ill received and the old ignorance died so hard that it is not dead yet. I daresay nine-tenths of the people on the planet now still think it is flat, or find their minds incapable of realizing where Adelaide and Leningrad are situated, or how they swing out toward space at night and back to look the other way by day.

And I expect a thousand times as many arguments will be brought to show God is, Ego is not, Time is, Instinct is not, as were ever hurled against astronomers to refute the patently absurd contention that Spain or France or Africa lie on a curve.

VII

IT IS ALWAYS EASIER FOR PEOPLE TO REFLECT ON GENERALITIES than upon their particular relationships to general ideas. A man of ordinary mental means may be able to see how legends and religions but represent the animal's blind-evolving effort to recover his lost knowledge of his instincts. It could be explained to any bright modern student that the church is the repository of instinct. Even a more unfamiliar Idea—any weird and tentative conceit—will engage his understanding at least for entertainment.

Thus, were I to assert that vegetables have no souls, there would be a dissent only from the quarter of pantheologists. On the other hand, were I to suggest that each species of a flower represents, itself, a long Idea in Time, an idea the flower knows, and that a mutation represented to the flower a change of its mind, I would still elicit, if not agreement, at least (among many people) a pleasant experience of conversation. This thought of a thought would be adorned, dissected, put back together in many shapes. Some imaginative botanist would trace for us the historic ideology of the morning-glory, and suggest what it thought of when it became all colors. We would go out and gather

flowers, seeing how many ideas they had and realizing that we could pick all but one on earth, or all but the seed pod of one, and its idea would be as alive and real as ever—which is long thinking in relation to the notions of men.

But, when any new generalization is made particular, the brow contracts. And when it becomes personal, the psyche visibly closes, the spirit prepares to defend itself. And if the particularization happen to affect the Ego, traditions of defense appear which are older and more strategic and fuller of tactics than military affairs.

The poet craved a power which would cause us to see ourselves as others see us.

He would observe his own Ego.

Since Ego came of tasting the forbidden fruit, no doubt it is canonically forbidden also to bite into its illusion. I forget the page and number of the commandment, but I am sure there must be one. Dozens, indeed.

How does one go about setting one's teeth in a *chimera*?

Well—there are ways. There is the one the poet already knew. Everybody is well acquainted with the egos of his neighbors. Everybody has glimpses of the instincts underneath, too, though few bother to express the spectacle in such careful language. Everybody is inclined to take the view that instincts are altogether bad and ego's to the good—though the egos of others are usually a trifle strained and somewhat silly. We can see the vanity in others—

relatives especially; a few of us occasionally catch in our own selves intimations of similar preposterous antics and this is, truly, seeing ourselves as others see us, though by analogue.

But there is another quite good method of ego-detection in the self.

(To the psychologist, the ego consists of that portion of the total personality which is allowed to recognize itself. The vanity, that is. And the psychologist plugs away at the associations of miscellaneous talking Park Avenue hostesses and battle-shocked veterans to try to find out what there is about them that they will not admit—and therefore do not “know”—which torments them. Or he feeds them hypnotics for their frontal lobes to see what the non-ego personality has to say with the censor knocked out.)

But, if a person were naturally instructed, or perhaps not instructed at all—if what I have hypothesized about our ancestral blunder in the realm of awareness and time is sound (if, that is, the fundamental person is a living legend)—then there should be a native means of overtaking and listening to the ego. It might be an unfamiliar means or an atrophied process or even a proceeding more or less tabu, but it should, in all logic, exist.

And so it does.

For man today is two things—the compelled subject of

the archetypes and their compelled Judas. What he feels, what he dreams, he cannot admit. He has a discipline of society and of law and perhaps of religion and of family pride, and so on. To endure himself amidst these intertreacheries, he tells himself a legend from morning until night—a secret story—a fable as innocent as any child's, which, because he *acts* upon it, has become the despairful agent of our common misery.

This is the story of his ego. This story is his ego.

Perhaps he begins it in the womb—perhaps with the hard pain of the cervix, the birth trauma—perhaps when he is slapped for biting a breast—perhaps only when he is two or so and starts to learn that hypnotic formula of the modern mind: This is not he; I am an "I". Where the blend of nature separates does not matter to the present consideration. A time comes when he says:

I did it.

Then something happens, and he says, *It was not my fault.*

Then he is at fault, but he says to himself, *My sister pushed me.*

He knows for a moment he was to blame, but one part of his brain convinces another part of the falsehood that his sister pushed him. He accepts the conviction and disavows the fact because the conviction flatters part of him and emancipates part of him from the responsibility in-

herent in the truth. What occurred, he was to blame for; in the future, he will not let it seem so, he will not know it. And now he is indeed but a portion of himself, cut off in time from the rest.

The flattered fraction, emancipated from responsibility by the denial of a tiny fact, is the matrix of what I have called Ego in this essay: not the first person itself—not the humble dignity of "I"—but the remnant the ape bought, the rationalized "I".

So every man tells himself, all the long day, a story—the story of his ego, canceling event and truth, losing his hold on time.

It is a very sad, funny story. Anyone who has read James Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" knows how funny. Anyone who has read that story thoughtfully knows how sad. Walter Mitty, forgetting his rubbers, waiting for his wife to do her errands, imagining himself this great surgeon, that daredevil, every Hero, is a specimen of the amnesia—the vanity—which is all that is left of a man when his legends are removed from him. In this case there's no harm in it, we think. But, if we think again, we see that Mitty is Everyman and his timeless birthright is become a daydream in these days.

Mitty is ourselves, imagining what great Selves we might have been. He is the clerk who, but for certain disadvantages that were no fault of his, would have been President;

the accountant who could have owned the Building, but for the broken leg, the indigent mother, the asthma. His ego is our ego—so we view Walter Mitty as sympathetic and not sinister, as comic, not cruel. In the bathos of his ego, we bathe our own. We anoint ourselves with his frustration. The mangling hoot of his wife is cosmic music, excusing everybody. The tawdry store-fronts against which he stands in the rain, seeing himself now as a Paul Bunyan and now as a Saint Paul, are stores of our own blessed Main Street. We look at Walter Mitty with a priest's eye, finding *ave marias* in his every degradation and *pater noster* in his planetary escapism.

He is pathetic in his heart, we say; he is wistful; he is greater and braver than his wife knows or the world; this Everyman's a dreamer. We dote on him.

He is a worm. He is a spectator of life. We dare not follow him home and see how he toasts himself with every mediocrity, gulps flagons of indignity to save himself the trouble of standing for any value, swallows his self-respect until the shrillness of his wife is the very wail of national despair and appeases every principle in sight for a domestic peace that is never attained but changes in the new minute to unexpected turbulence, so that his microcosm is a chaos and its incoherence, multiplied in every home, becomes a rending world-dissatisfaction. To the degree that he is able to imagine, Mitty needs must grow to

hate—to hate the illusions wrought by himself to match his conceit.

He may not have the capacities to be a Great Emancipator or even a Great Dentist. But, because he is a man, he has innately the ability to experience Greatness in ten myriads of ways—solitary, nonconforming and pure. This he eschews for the warm bottle of self-adulation. He puts his pride in his perishable Pontiac and turns over the hours defeated by that gesture to movies and radio—to Mr. Red Skelton or Miss Kate Smith. And when she sings to him, he lies back in the swaddling clothes of untied tie, unbuttoned waistcoat, to enjoy lullaby at his unnatural age. He dreams on the greatness of his country and does nothing for it even as he feebly dreams on Walter Mitty the Hero. His songs no longer hope; they are a fatuous repose.

I've watched ten thousand Walters singing "God Bless America" in the smug assumption that the deed's been done, so that the tepid ditty was not even a prayer but a profanation, not benediction, but alibi.

This is the story of the ego. As religions try by their legends, their doctrines and faiths to reassert the simple, lost premises of instinct, and as nations pervert their own history—as every bounden group of men extracts from itself an aura of moral tales, of wonder and achievement that are not truth and but garble Principle the worse—so the man by himself invents a picture of himself in the

world to satisfy his vanity and his compulsions and believes he is this image.

Even the amateur at reading can get the method of it, watching from little hour to hour what his own brain dishonorably seizes for present advantage—distorts, colors, retracts, asserts, denies, whitewashes, paints out, adds to—in a running succession of miniature lies. Some portion of the man's perpetually disgraced and knows it. This natural mechanism—this interior jurisprudence, which knows better and suffers constant affront—is sometimes called conscience. The priest caste holds it to be of divine origin, though they strain it enough themselves, with their big opinions of who they are, and their everlasting, unexamined rejection of facts of history and experience and of science which are inconvenient to their particular methods for power-seizure and its perpetuated tenure.

Well, call it conscience. It does not live in men of God alone, men of any God whatsoever, and has steered many atheists as straight as any Saints and straighter than most. It is but the natural candor, the integrity of instinct itself, which actually can neither deny nor hide for it is a law in operation. We have come to think that the blunting or the disregard of conscience is necessary to daily life and made farces of the very attempt to express "nothing but the truth." But the real farce is what we have created by our lies; the illusion of the need of disintegrity in the ego

is merely an expression of its habitude. We have had it from childhood—all men own it; it has been our God for millenniums—and since we have enjoyed so little access to its opposite, to candor and integrity, we are not able any longer to imagine what life would be without our incessant self-dishonor.

We put on the techniques of lying against the prompting of each immediate truth, but we do it sometimes as much from the wish to be sincere as from mere appetite for quick pleasure or quickly banished inner pain. We do it for God's glory and for country, and Yale, too. We do it to conform, to belong, corporeally, to the infamous group—though it forever alienates us from ourselves. We do it, as children, in order that we may grow up into what mother thinks of as a man—though mother's portrait of manhood be feminine first, and second, doctrinaire, and third, composed of her own ego-fancies embroidered of her husband's failures to appease her ego, so that her idea of a proper man is these days everywhere consonant with one who somehow gets his hands on more money than father did.

Thus with every deed we are our little heroes; we rob banks for Jesus and rape because mother assured us father was a mouse in bed: we would be better men; we are never worms, but, at the very worst, victims of terrible misfortune after august attempt—Lears brought down by

the unfair violence of the world—and even if such a man wrote upon his own gravestone that he had been the veriest fool and weakling all his life, a thief of time and mean and a liar to boot, he would do so in order that the passing public might reflect how his world had misjudged him and what a sage he was. We have, for the ego, numberless Jesuitical places to retreat to, all fortified against fact, and there is no end whatever in the series—no shame to which the mind and person will not submit to save its vanity, not the prison, not veil or monastery, not even suicide of the body, or of the actual mind, in madness. This is instinct when it must act as ego; this is the measure of time abandoned for the present pleasure.

Let a man listen to himself so he may hear his story and let him say as he did when he was a child: this is not so; this is true; it does not matter what they tell me.

He will reacquaint himself with his animal, soon enough—hairy ape, homicide, cannibal, sunning reptile and reptilian jaws concealed in the tranquil pool. He will find out that he is hardly God. But the very candor that uncovers this fact will find itself, also, and if he persists, he can reverse his process, expunge the original sin, and be a new character to himself, and greater, as easily and as naturally as he was able in his youth to recapitulate his biological orders. This last is the millet seed—the grain of mustard; this minute speck turns the trend of vanity. For the pro-

toplasm is amenable; readily creates magnificence from the smallest point of origin.

The cobbler can be king in this fashion. To him that has this trifle of primordial candor, shall be given the infinite world of time and space, but to him that has it not, everything he has, though it be the world, shall be taken away, and he will decline like old millionaires, toothless, nursing, handing out the largess of St. Simeon or the ten-cent piece of Rockefeller, a peevish nothing, afraid to die, for that he had not conscience. The rich man, as Jesus said, has already inflated his ego to its outmost possibilities by the purchase of heaven on earth and there is nothing extra between the stars that can be added: Croesus' marble Nirvana and the golden halls of Midas were the entire competences of their egos and the cost of it was Eternity. To have that, a man must be born again, admit the opposite archetypes and listen to their true and constant talk in the honest conscience. Then, whatever of fame or power or wealth he may incidentally have, he will not be much in his own eyes, but muchness will be his.

It is this ego-talk, this everyman's hourly corruption of his legend to make a better story for his partial hearing, that is the very coffers of the church, that stuffs the ballot boxes for vicious, flattering politicians, and phrases every commercial advertisement. Man's inhumanity to man is but his own exploitation of himself. His vanity runs up the

crosses, one after another, on his piratical flags—cross of Christ, who said, “And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,” and who has ever since been given the lie by every egomaniac that insisted he knew all truth—Swastika, those crossed bones of fascism—and hammer crossed with sickle, God in the Machine. The world is tired to death of corrupt crosses. But each little man keeps on, nevertheless, telling himself the legend of his ego, tainting the clear, fundamental story, and thereby sustaining the succession of these sinister symbols.

Harken unto—yourself!

VIII

THE PATTERN IS IDENTICAL; THE PROCESS THE SAME AT every level of existence and the energy is equal, too: only the amount of consciousness differs, and that only in the individual, for when instinct is collectively considered it needs must be unconscious.

The one-celled paramecium acts with the immediate reflex—unaware when its instincts conflict—taking this alternative or that by measurements of private value too obscure to contemplate.

The frog, impelled to attack and retreat, waits.

The confronted stag thinks.

The developing man, like all these, first lives through the instinctual estates that gave rise to him. Then he relives the history of his anthropology. He is animalcule and reptile and mammal: he is man only after that and, at first, dawn-age man, who is not precocious in artificial exchanges of time, knows not an ego, enjoys the childhood kingdoms of heaven which the poets dwell in and upon; only after that, his touch with Nature given away for his contact with the intellectual vanities, he is become the struggling animal who must fancy up the evolving gods in his ferocious effort

to recapture, re-express, and to resume the process of truth which he has bartered away.

So he rises in the ages (and so in the steps of his contemporary youth) through all savage and barbaric periods. His consciousness disentangles itself slowly from the collective mind of primordial herds. He is Graeco-Roman, living in the basking legends of Heroism. He is medieval, living with the mysticisms. He is modern and adult and, if he will, he can contain in his aware brain the whole experience of his cells, integrate it, orient himself between the opposite spheres of instinct, and thereby transcend them all to own a "free will" because he can now own none but the wish for truth, which is the name of freedom.

He is the animal capable of perceiving and of expressing by his acts all that the evolving planet means.

[He is a total work of art, containing every beast, exemplifying the dualistic instincts, appreciating the relationship of each, whose love is neither tangled in his fears nor separated from his dark knowledge, for he has perceived that creation and destruction are but two opposite events in the existence of energy and that awareness does not destroy death but makes it inevitable, and death does not abolish life but forever advances awareness. It is not the owner of his Proper Name that understands time, in this work of art—this concentration of all time and history—this perfect

book of evolution—this man—but that which he knows, and he owns that.

Here is your immortal mortal.

The smallest box in a nest of boxes that reaches to the ends of space, the simulacrum of the biggest and of all the intervening sizes, who, by extrospection can comprehend the physical nature of them and by introspection contain the subjective parallel. He is a conscious thermodynamics, and his use of temperatures depends not upon his knowledge but his inner experience of his own theorems, which are but aspects of one theorem and are written down upon him in a thousand fashions—physically and mathematically and in the legends—or by memory—and in his biology, in the foetus—again in the child—and in the balances that rule the planets, and in the shape of space that is given it by mass, and in plants, and in the rise and fall of nations, in religions—now with only the limits of the ego—the *present awareness* which, for practical purposes, is so fine, even in physics, that only the full predictions of the finest quanta now seem inaccessible to the local observer. The most delicate scientist but demonstrates the intuitions of the crudest savage who would be honest; Vedantic guess and astrophysical speculation are similar in conclusion, in motive—identical!

· A perfect work of art—the artist, his own work!

Yet, as the races have invented legends to excuse them-

selves from moral living, to rationalize the drives of instinct in the self-enamored ego, so does the man invent his own. In this, too, he recapitulates. He has his private ego—hence, his crooked laws, his blind religions, his invented God to whom he pretends fealty so that he may not serve, but dote upon, himself. In this, too, he is a facsimile of all the millenniums of desperate, unsuccessful men, who all conquered each other and destroyed each other, for that they would not make a conquest of their own vanities. He has not yet deeply discovered that the function of reason is consciousness, and thus but accessorially the extension of the senses:

So he is an evil animal, turning reason into the admiring mirror, instead of admiring reason. His nations take on the whole appearance of logic—with courts and laws and constitutions and high principles: then the collective ego—the instinct vanity makes blind—takes their helm and the most elevated and noble nations make a daily business of such things as the lowest huddle of savages would shun or kill a man for.

In the name of reason, and after an argument that seems logical to national arrogance, quoting learned books and mighty principles, sitting in high courts for the judgment (and making note of the special emergency, the crisis, the exigency), these nations murder whole hordes of human beings, or wilfully starve multitudes, or seize the land and

the bread of half the world, or drain away the gold and treasure of a people, or enslave a Europe, or become the greatest Pharisees in history, turning their capable backs on a hungry and helpless globe that they know how to assist but will not assist, or they enslave their own women to levy armies for the future—squandering the family in the miscellany of anonymous fornication—or they shut down a curtain of iron between their own people and the world's reality so as to work upon the victims in their black domains whatever cruel and dishonorable distortion may seem opportune and to the immediate advantage, or the advantage in five years, or twenty—as if time cared or instinct could be altered by such an interval!

So with Everyman's ego.

First the layer of familial vanities—the false prides of his home and parents. Next, the vanities of his school, his clubs and lodges. Always, the vanities of his church and his nation. He incorporates them. He calls them his faiths, convictions, loyalties, friendships, codes, beliefs, and the noble appurtenances of his soul. They are logical to him and just. He is the court and the interpreter. They are his shining armor. (What a way to meet subjective life, in armor!) They are his weapons, too—the weapons of his righteousness. Equipped with them, he presents himself to the hard fare of his daily round. And, that he may seem

estimable to his own eyes—in small, exact duplicate of the general pattern—he murders the reputation of his neighbor, starves his colleagues in his nearby slum, runs from the helpless, cheats and steals, sets up slaveries by his persecution and his bigotry, sacrifices his family through neglect to the wolves of their own vanities and avarices, pushes his daughters at the rich and the powerful that he may pimp in wealth and power, and holds around himself an iron curtain so that his conscience will remain inaudible, his instinct will not speak, and the archetype which he thrusts into unconsciousness by each miserable step will not stand suddenly before him for what it is—death, panic, murder, harlotry, epidemic, cowardice, treachery, disloyalty, the hideous retinue.

The conscience is there and will always be. And the reason is there. But they are not allied, in the man or his state or his church. Instead, because of temporal regard, of vanity, there always seems to be a justifying alarm, a special condition, which appears to give leave to the president of this republic (backed by the people) and the master of yonder heart (backed by a myriad private motives) to compromise some measure with principle. An aphorism, out of context, is recited to support the rationalization, or a verse from the Bible, or a passage from the English Common Law, something Burke said, Hume, Cicero or Saint Paul. Reason and conscience both go by the boards.

Yet, one exists for the other—or the older for the newer—conscience for reason. To use the latter in any form limited by the ego is to set in motion, through conscience, and through instinct, the opposite danger. A world made to seem great by a few centuries of integrity in objective reasoning approaches, for want of equal subjective honesty, a state of uninhabitability—not just from wars, from bombs and deliberate plagues, or from the disastrous sequelae of wars—but from its own psychological condition: that the people cannot live in it, cannot abide it, each other or themselves.

The bad thermodynamics of it is rooted in every man, begins in every great majority—or they would not assent either to Hitlers and Hirohitos, or to the use of atom bombs for unseating the monsters their own kind has created. It is the individual of whom the mass is composed, and if he is of poor character, the group will have that quality. It cannot be improved at the top of the species, as communists and tories alike maintain and churchmen, too, in effect, any more than a swarm of bees or a school of fish can be improved in their natures by the arbitrary interference of a few bees or fish, however novel their behavior. However altruistic or idealist. The individual represents the whole. To be changed, he must change himself.

In man, the conscious psychological process is here involved. All men are the same. But each has a different

level of consciousness even of that fact. Man improves only as his individuals privately undertake to increase the strata of their awareness, each one from his own situation. Reason is one end of the organ for it—conscience the other. And a man may live more honorably by conscience—ignorant of reason but instinctually allied with the truth—than by the amputated employment of what he deems to be a logic. More honorably, and to more point. For every animal possesses the means to solve its problems: this is man's original one. And his new reason, it follows, would solve them, too, if he would employ it without the lets and hindrances of self-seeking, as Socrates employed it. For perfect reason is but conscience detached from the man to serve truth only, not states or clubs or teams or churches or right-thinking Americans at their firesides.

I present them both. Let the reader use either one, mindful that if, in its use, he ignores the proper constructions of the other, his solutions will be fraudulent and he the dupe of them.

Man's Reason—this fresh capacity of the evolving brain which has builded all his cities and broken most of them and made all his inventions and superseded them with better and discovered all the laws of science and rendered all obsolete with clearer substitutions—is in truth such a bounty as would bedazzle any raw animal with its own freed and upset the balance of its self-estimate. But it

is only another Sense, and not as important as we think it is (by reasoning!).

Were it not for millions of years of painful peering, of staring and squinting by innumerable beasts that suffered every disaster while they originated vision, man would not have his bright eyes. Reason is like that. It is coming to us slowly, unevenly, in fits and starts, by struggles and mutations, and through survivals which in their very nature involve agonies of defeat. It is being incorporated gradually in each one of us. Our heirs will someday reason more clearly than we do, more in accord with the natural conscience, more instinctively than we. That is one chief substance of our human hope.

But they will hardly rue the pain we've spent upon the early lessons more than we appreciate the bloodletting among lizards in our behalf. That we personified and lived out our evolution of the capacity in dull cities, stupid suburbs, stark countrysides, in generations spawned on cement and other generations birthed in huts, and in all manner of wars, social catastrophes, bad policies "continued by vicious means," will not much move our assigns. It was our function and our duty.

They will take scant note of all our disappointments when we found our proudest premises mistaken and tearfully faced the need of undoing them, using thousands of years to teach ourselves the earth was a globe, and un-

known thousands to eradicate superstition, and going backwards twenty or fifty thousand years to scrap the deceit of our religions and the illusion that each contemporary man was right because he was the perfect image of his perfect God. They will say that whatever we paid for their more conscious condition was the fair price of an evolution, and they will be right.

But if we know this, we can in many ways anticipate them, live partly among them, and see space-time through their eyes; if we know this, we are able to act in such a way as to shorten the interval between them and ourselves, so encompassing the more noble mortalities of the future in the impersonal immortality of our present existence. We sire them—not only in the body but, if we wish, in the mind: we become not just our suffering selves but them also. And their day can be speeded by the man with the hoe as much as by the man with the cyclotron. For that day depends upon a fuller integrity, and the seed of truth is as fruitful in a field as in a laboratory, and in the head of a farmer as a physicist. Which one is more the Ancestor?

In this hypothesis there is a premise man sticks at; what if his whole species so obfuscates conscience and exploits its powers of objective reasoning that the instinct of extermination—the death-wish—takes hold upon him and he blots out himself entirely, sweeping the planet of popula-

tion and leaving only horseshoe crabs, or setting the earth itself on fire?

Not any truth—but the invention of God—sets up this objection. So long as the conceited primate holds his anthropoid religions—his sense that he is divine and not an animal, or his conviction that the mass of him will be superior somehow to Nature when it is organized to its absolute material benefit—he will find it impossible to bring to bear upon the question either his detached reason or his intrinsic instinct.

He is the drops of water in a conduit that would fill a lake or turn a millwheel or irrigate a plantation or all of these. He is the energy of this device, seeking his purpose at his level. If he should choose to leak from the conduit—to squirt prematurely and make a splash—he can certainly disappoint his intention. He can claim then that he is a fountain and praise the display. He can emerge at any point to admire himself. He can even say that it is not true that water cannot run uphill, for here he is, spouting higher than the pipe. The illusion's superb—it's Caesar's and Casper Milquetoast's. But he will never convert his energies to their instinctual purpose and, indeed, where he spouts, he will deprive the entire stream of the contribution of his weight. But he does not deflect the stream; his point's proven against him.

Ten billion human perforations in the instinctual duct

are insignificant. Nations come cheap. Dynasties are a dime a dozen. Let them escape; they have pierced the pipe with their bright wits and used their kinetic force for vanity. Even species are experimental and expendable and if they elect not to do, they will soon cease to be. Casting the general responsibility upon others, they will falter on what seemed the strongest legs while the universal strength was in them, and they will perish in horrible, statistical hordes—their whole, because the same flaw appeared in all its parts. George Gallup is less inexorable—and entirely tentative besides—for this rule was the same in the Jurassic.

Nothing is new. We but become more conscious of what exists.

The art of every age is the clearer phrasing of its increased awareness of truth.

Socrates pursued the evidence for an absolute of conscience as far as the reaching knowledge of his time. Plato incorporated the ideas to form and to contemplate the Republic. Aristotle found a center for man amidst the opposites and disclosed it as a Golden Mean—a moderation of all behavior, understanding without excess. The Greek Doctrines lasted a full nine hundred years and were renewed for centuries after that in such forms as the Florentine. The "opposites" were the principle study of Lao-tse in Cathay and his conceptions of them, embodied in the symbol of the yang and yin, are clean-cut as

Euclid's geometry and as systematic as the ideas of Pythagoras. Though he talked another language, and though he thought with a different set of images for reality, the old Chinaman's perception of the paired archetypes of instinct, the collective unconscious, the cosmic mechanics of awareness—whereof the dreams Freud found were the contemporary evidence—was as plain to him as Jung's modern statement of the design could be to the intelligently educated of this day.

Newton pondered these subjective correlatives of his objective findings and thought of them as an Undulation, like the motion of a wave. To Emerson, it was Polarity. To James, Parallelism. In the Roman Catholic Church it is the Paradoxes. To the historian, it is the Cycle, the history that repeats history. To the economist and the sociologist, Checks and Balances. These—all these—but names for Human Instinct as different men have hit upon it. And the Bible holds more names, more illustrations, and more parables to express it, than all the rest of the books put together—which is why it seems to *explain* better than any other anthology of ideas.

The long and arduous groping of classical philosophers for a proper expression of the will of man—the evolution of the thought from Kant through Leibnitz and Lotze and Fechner to Schopenhauer—reaches a light switch in these modern times; the labyrinthine room, so cluttered with ob-

solite cosmologies—with cosmogonies that astronomers have made untenable and metaphysics the biologists have disqualified for use—is suddenly disclosed. The will's relative—like heat. It represents but the temperature of consciousness which is raised not by these furious searches for a God in the bodily machine, a power apart from Nature, but by attention to every truth of every moment. In the bright chamber we see once more the legend of the eternal truth: the goal the philosophers set was somewhat egotistical; the ability of their minds tricked them into pompous pronouncements and rococo research; their Grail was their illusion, for they would have it a certain idea of will before they started the quest and not just any idea, whatever the truth might be—an energy without mass, an instinct. They seemed to themselves important enough to be weaned of Nature altogether, and on a diet of pure reason they missed the importance of that which nourished them.

They helped even when they erred. A philosophical mistake is like wickedness in parents: sooner or later a generation will rebel against the monstrosity of it. So, also, too much virtue in the ego imposes its identical reaction: the sane rebel against goodness itself when it interferes with their liberties. But it is the *attempt* of minds that has significance. Nature is in no hurry for the result; only man. So what if man should fail? Shall that possibility reduce

him to abandon hope, quit the attempt, stop living even before he reaches the intimidating circumstances he has hypothesized?

His God would evidently die with him, but shall Nature? For every extant species today, a thousand have already lived on board this planet and they have all failed and passed away.

Billions of stars shine in every quarter of the firmament; ours is a modest sun among them. Thousands upon thousands of cool bodies revolve around them with various gravities and climates, drinking the energy. The probability that our awareness is the only one, or the highest—evolving here or regressing somewhere else—becomes the vainest of vanities. And it is the oldest—that we are the Center of the Universe—the stupidity of which we know today. Shall we not also revise the accompanying stupidity of the idea that we are the one, incarnate, absolute center of God Almighty?

It behooves us to call off the old talk about God.

It behooves us, for the same reason, to re-embrace Instinct, so we may no longer pretend to scribble every truth on blank Russians or Americans or Englishmen.

It is time to adopt morals germane with our sciences: Instinct, Conscience, the Collective Unconscious, the Paired and Opposite Archetypes we contain and represent, and the function of consciousness as it may be evolved by these.

IX

PAST AND FUTURE DO NOT MUCH EXIST FOR THE INSTINCTUAL beast; his Now lasts seemingly forever; memory's indistinct, anticipation vague. To man, the daily riddle of *now* is obsessive because it appears impossible of solution. He can no longer experience the moment: it approaches or it has gone by, but it is not here. His ego cannot be aware of it. If the conclusion in these pages concerning man's sacrifice of his contact with eternal time is correct, that situation would be expectable. So would another. The idea of the *infinite* would haunt and baffle the ego as severely as does the elusive Now. Man would trace time forward and backward as far as his imagination could go—and pursue the stretch of space to the last resource of his invention; it would seem to him that these must end, or stop, and yet wherever he put a boundary in his mind, the necessity of a Beyond would seem to be instantly established and the enigma would so indefinitely continue. What man has not done this?

The existence of this frustration in the intellect makes it possible for religions to capitalize upon, and traffic with, their various pretensions of Eternity and Infinity. They

own them, they say, and the bewildered ego takes the statement on faith as preferable to the prospect of perpetual predicament.

But, to the mathematician, there is no such paradox of the mind. The relativity of time and the description of space as an attribute of matter, once mastered from the equations, *explain* the befuddlement of the ego. The mathematician has a new level of consciousness, gained by the integrity of his researches. He understands—and a layman's riddle is not his perplexity.

This is the functioning of consciousness—an illustration of the process I have discussed. Were the mathematician to use his integrity on all the paradoxes which awareness presents to him and in all the terms and symbols and wordless images which arise in the collective unconscious, he would achieve the complete orientation of his personality. He confines himself, however, to one category of mysteries, of opposites, of problems—and he approaches them with but a single system of symbology.

I have heard people doubt that the mathematicians have in any way clarified their own sense of infinity and eternity and even argue with mathematicians violently, although they did not know the science. This is the most commonplace phenomenon of the ego—that it regards its own level of awareness the equal of any, and the present equal, without further instruction, as if the ownership of a first

person constituted all Authority. And, in the sense that the ego rises out of the instincts and floats upon them—though unaware of the fact—such pretense of Authority must be maintained at any cost by the egotist, lest he learn more of himself and what he is, and thus become other and different.

It is of pristine importance to understand that process.

Consider it for a moment in terms of that past accomplishment of the mind already mentioned here—the discovery that the earth is a globe. With the enlightenment, with the new step in awareness, thousands of years of superstition and error were evaporated: not merely the idea that this planet was the center of the cosmos, or that the sun ran around it, or that the fringes of the world rested on elephants which stood on turtles, but many other fables and complications and paradoxes.

The ship that sailed away on the ocean seemed to sink as the planet's curve hid first the hull, then decks and cabins, and finally, pennant on topmost mast. This kind of event—which, for hundreds of millenniums, every man has witnessed who has lived by water—had not been properly construed. Why not? The very opposite "evidence" could be presented from a less frequent but equally real-seeming event. Sometimes an object blowing out to sea, or retreating on a desert floor, seemed not to sink beneath the horizon but to rise above it and float in the air. Occasionally,

a town a hundred miles away was visible while a house between was hidden. This, of course, was mirage. Yet our familiar demonstration of the curvature of the earth by the gradual vanishing of the ship was, by mirages alone, made uncertain and untenable to the ancient mind. Awareness of two circumstances—in this case, of the globe's shape and of the refraction of light—were needed to make the truth plain.

Great courage was at first necessary, not merely to dispute the fixed concepts of history and the rigid precepts of the church, but even to dare imagine the sun was so far away, so big, so hot—and to imagine the awful distance across which the conical shadow of the earth must fall before it should eclipse the moon. The idea may have flitted through the reason of a million; but until it occupied the brain of one who was also brave, it was neither assimilated entirely nor disseminated at all. And, as I have indicated, it is still doubted by legions and incompletely incorporated in the mind of most "educated" persons.

To comprehend the instincts, to understand how ego-identification is a mismanagement of them, to see Ego as a product of the instincts which uses archetypes and yet conceals their opposites, requires something of the capacity of the personality that was needed for these other giant steps of awareness. Even more capacity, in a sense, for the understanding changes not just one prejudice of the ego,

but all the prejudices; and it involves the willingness to sacrifice every old idea the self had of itself. It needs courage, besides, not only to envision but also to express—the last owing to the fact that the church, and thus the bent of our cultures (because these have risen out of religions) is more determined man shall not find out he is an animal (with opposed instincts which the church calls Good and Evil, Virtue and Sin) than it was ever determined man should not know about astronomy or mathematics. These sciences could be rationalized as works of God; they were; but the other science reveals God as a work of man, accomplished out of his animal heart and for the sake of his vanity. The other restores his question to man by asking, What is there *wrong*, to be a beast? and, What—if any—is the *true magnificence* of it?

We will not be drawn and quartered in the public square for such a suggestion but men could still be imprisoned if they taught it in some schools and the Press will hardly publish it even today.

Any event in our human world—any argument of two men or any battle or any national disagreement—reveals the function of instinct. Here is an archetypal statement built into a logical system by rationalizations which may have precedent back to Xerxes: here is the opposite of it, as dearly, truly and honorably held by the opponent, with precedents perhaps to be discovered in fossils. Both are

true. Both are false. Both are right. Both are wrong. One is a ship foundering beyond the horizon. The other is a ship raised into the sky by mirage. God is on both sides. A greater and a wiser description, one which includes and explains the antagonistic elements, is needed. But there is none, because each man in his ego way of life knows that his very character is here at stake; the reputation of armies is invested in the battle; all proud significance of the nations is entangled—two "ways of life" have met head-on. Who sees it is instinct? Nobody. Each observer, however physically unconcerned, if he takes an "intellectual interest," takes a side according to his own interpretation of such archetypes as he has elected, or as he had forced upon him—to embrace and to express and to defend to the death. All day the blue skies bellow above this planet with lopsided justifications and by night the clangor proceeds into space with the streaming light of our sun. The detached argument becomes the war, the "ideal" is expressed bestially.

A thing happens: the world is divided—split fifty ways.

The latest large event—the engineering of a large-scale atomic chain-reaction, because it involves not just the opinions but the bodies of our species, too—has waked up every archetype, every instinct, in the billion-year-old breast of humanity. It is hoped by multitudes that the psychological shock will have even more benefit than may

be engendered, in better times than the present, from all the fragments of atoms men can harness. It may, if a man at last appreciates he is an animal and takes charge of himself instead of tendering the charge to religion once again, to Christianity, to the religion of Communism, and all the rest.

If vivid insight is substituted for blind faith.

If we, who have proceeded to this magnificent truth by applying integrity to objects (in science), now apply it equally to subjectivity and develop the science of our inner selves—the morality—that matches the outer knowledges.

The reasoner, that is, must become reasonable concerning himself, lest the findings he has made by reason destroy his very body through a seeming of incomprehensibility and of irrationality which drives his reason mad. Panic—national schizophrenia—universal paranoia—whole societies in manic ecstasy and depressive melancholia—such has been the historical panorama of mankind.

The complex that they had been persecuted lately made of the Germans the greatest persecutors in all the ages, the most paranoid group ever to scourge the hills and valleys. Now, the Russians have taken to thinking they are hemmed in and persecuted beyond mortal endurance. One anti-Semite, believing that the Jews hold unfair advantages over him, is an individual example of the process—a virus, equipped to live in the social blood and feed

on it, to multiply and drive crazy enough corpuscles, perhaps, so that the whole stream will be unable to pick up a sufficiency of the oxygen of freedom and the body of the state will turn blue, snatch the wrong remedies, exhibit every paroxysm, and die.

These are "evil" archetypes. Their "good" opposites are pitifully exhibited by individuals in tormented masses who hunt for scientific truth with them, or use them to serve inane and ruinous ends in gallant fashion, or to love unselfishly their immediate neighbors.

It is a great common fallacy to believe instinct is itself wicked, bestial, or witless. The "id" described by Freud seemed to many men a sinister manifestation because it was in conflict with the various proprieties. Moreover, the fashion for twenty or thirty thousand years had been to ascribe all good to the gods, and, for some centuries more, to ascribe good to conscious logic—a trick by which the Intellectuals have grossly inflated their egos. Reason, the sophistates say, is "good"—all else irrational and if not sinful, at least, non-good. Thus is instinct indicted.

Instinct is timeless; seen as enduring energy it is not evil, but as near to "miracle-of-good" as the mind can imagine. For, out of the conflict of its opposed forces it has developed awareness for a billion years and until it flowers in man as consciousness of Time itself—past and future—and consciousness of Mind itself. To seize from

this immense evolution of subjectivity one function—the newest and least developed, Reason—to make it the platform of ego and to consign all else to limbo is as illogical as to pretend that an eye or a kidney is a person and that the meaning of the whole being is expressed by vision or excretion. Reason is by such means made a “faith” and practiced as another religion.

Many who fancy themselves to be Freudians have become convinced as if of good and evil in this way and define any broader theorem by their own, unconscious opposites. They call all such ideas “mysticisms”—perennial epithet of the baffled! Instinct seen whole creates continually more than it destroys; seen in pieces, it confuses.

The instinctual conditions of men—obsessions, I ought to say—have become plain in the atomic light. The military men look in such and such directions and therefore see such and such landscapes on the future. The scientists observe another set. The churchmen bear testimony to a third. The average citizen has his head jerked this way and that from one forbidding prospect to another; he hardly glimpses Hope; he makes a “logical, intelligent” summation of his opinion—according to his previous pattern. He sets himself, that is to say, against whatever he secretly fears the most. But that he was already set, he knows no more than soldier, physicist or priest. Let us contemplate these three.

X

SOME LITTLE WHILE AGO, MAJOR GENERAL LESLIE P. Groves announced with a soldier's earnestness that the first few hours of surprise assault in the war might cost the lives of forty million Americans. Thereafter, he said, with comforting assurance, the battle proper could be joined on more familiar terms and with good opportunity of a successful outcome. This statement made by the head of the Manhattan District (that Boys' Club, which took the army oath that ten thousand facts known everywhere on earth were Secret) was later confirmed in effect by the General Staff, which has agreed that the United States is no longer militarily defensible.

If the reader had been told ten years ago that today he would exist minute by minute, month by month, in the knowledge that he and his family and his relatives and his friends and all his fellow citizens might at any moment be reduced by a third—that his cities might be melted—that his main objects of culture might whiff into the midnight or the morning sunshine—that his hourly survival chances might become as poor as one in three—the information would have been treated, in all probability, with

the firmest incredulity, the flattest rejection. But, if it had been accepted, the reader would surely have experienced a most horrible panic. It is likely that in a few more years, fewer than the indicated eight, the reader will be living under those conditions, or worse. For all he knows, he may be—even now. In any event, the panic will come to abide in him.

Forty million Americans ordinarily take almost a quarter of a century to die; the loss of them all in a quarter of a night would be a massive bereavement. What its effect would be on the survivors—on residual morale—the army has not calculated. There is, instead, a kind of contempt implicit in the very announcement of this order-of-magnitude statistic. And since contempt arises from its opposite, an inferiority complex, some colossal specimen of inferiority must support the cold emotion that accompanies the statement of home-front jeopardy. If the estimate is rational—which it is—then the very manner of its pronouncement and the comparative apathy of its reception represent a squalor in soldiers and the public soul as well—an inferiority, a fear.

Forty million Americans. What incentive to fear breathes in this epic of logistics!

I have heard more than one balanced person say, lately, that he finds in himself an impulse, when he is brushing his teeth, or walking in the park, or lying in his bed, to

rush into the street and cry, "Stop! Stop everything! Stop working, trading, manufacturing, electing, marrying, eating, dancing! Stop! Let every living human being sit utterly still until this condition sinks in and then let everyone combine to settle it together!"

Stop.

Here is the very instinct—the opposite of action—the consciousness. Stop. Stop following our blind impulses. Survey. Consider. *Use time.* Know. Then think. And act only after these.

We have had quite a little time to use, now. How did the people employ it? What have been their various reactions to the natural fact of atomic energy—the objective finding, at last, of a force which is parallel to the energies of instinct, as ultimate, as fundamental, as susceptible of good or evil, of creation or destruction—the very crystal analogue for instinct?

The people called for the Army.

The positive archetype of the soldier is courage. His function is to surround his nation with his life and to make its purchase dear. He must be ready to die. His courage is an instrument to express and to fend off the fears of his group. In so far as he identifies himself with his group, he has an idealism for which to make his self-sacrifice. But he has also an instinct to live—like any man—and a vanity, besides, which is to some extent separate from the instincts of his own kind.

So, to make him a trustworthy tool of abnormal courage, there is drill and discipline. That he will not falter like any coward in the presence of crisis, he is instructed and admonished, paraded and ordered, taught automatonism—and in such a fashion he overcomes futurities in his ego: images in time-ahead, imagination itself. Positive imagination would be useful to him in battle, but, to own it, he must own and risk its opposite: negative imagining, or fear. (The imagination of armies is confined to Headquarters, and even there, it is mostly Precedent.) The man in the field, be he West Pointer or raw draftee, must have the future-sense stamped out of him, or else he will use battle time to think, to imagine, to dread.

This soldier's courage is not to be doubted; the tribes and civilizations perceive it and every century has known little else for its principal event: history is in large part the recollection of battle dates and the names of emperors risen and fallen on the tides of war. But, if the law I have here hypothesized be true, the soldier must hide within himself, unconsciously, a great cowardice to counterbalance his awareness of his abnormal courage.

No whole man, but a machine of valor, ready in the minute, what does he fear? The answer is, What he has lost—or repressed: imagination—the future—ideas of event, of circumstance, of weapon, or of social situation for which he is not mechanically ready in his own mind. He has invested his libido in bravery to meet the danger

of the world as he may have to fight it. If the world should become something he does not know how to fight, his bravery may well prove futile, his competences obsolete, himself anachronistic, and his investment will be lost.

In its simplest form, see this phenomenon possess the cavalryman, who has learned the art of the horse and is prepared to die in the saddle with full glorious indifference, but who is afraid of the idea of tanks. He fears it literally. But, of course, he does not say so. He does not even know such is the case. Instead, he derides the tank, hunts for its putative insufficiencies, finds places where horses can proceed and tanks cannot and photographs them for the newsreels, rejoices scornfully whenever a tank breaks down, searches in the account of little wars for some triumph of the horse, makes presents of fine steeds to important men, and, when he is finally ordered into a tank, enters its hatch wearing spurs as a last comforting token of his original archetype—a reminder of the methodology of his nerve.

If another soldier is a battleship admiral, then his bravery on quarter-decks is a proud legend of seafaring man. But his cowardice in the face of future-time, of airplanes and bombs and rockets and atomic warheads and the submarine disintegration of uranium and its poisonous gases, mesons, neutrons and cosmic particles flying, is so pervasive and prodigious that his brain cannot function, or

can function only a very little as an organ of reason. All like-minded men of navies will be like-fearful. They will not listen to hypothesis, for the process of hypothesis has been forced out of their awareness, to make them brave on battleships; and even fact will not convince them, for their own nerving-up was the most important fact of their conscious lives. In military affairs alone, the nation is disorganized and the service branches are embattled, owing to this mechanism of the instinct, these traditions. Tradition is the name given to all trappings of the brain by which reflexive courage is constellated in the soldier-mind.

But reason ever totters before instinctual force. Infantry is still the queen of battles in the heads of many generals and in the classrooms of military institutions. The occupation and the holding of the enemy's land are still regarded as the decisive factor, though we have but recently received the surrender of an empire by radio without putting a man on the shore of the central islands and although the subsequent occupation could have been effected by unarmed freightboats landing missionaries.

To hold that all the arguments which, these days, impinge upon reorganization of the services, and single command, and the choice of weapons for offense and defense, rise not from any logic at all but from naked terror in the nexus of the military mind, is to confront the average citizen with *prima facie* nonsense. He says in answer: These

men are not even afraid to die; how could they fear change?

Yet this is fear.

The medical practitioner knows it as hysteria—not violent, but calm and merely possessed of an irrational regard toward logic—and half his patients have hysterical, or psychosomatic diseases, not ailments of the flesh. This is the same mechanism which causes the workman to dread “technological unemployment”—when technology does nearly all of the employing today and has increased jobs in the land by millions. This is why unions insist that many men must be used, and many days, to paint houses with brushes—and why the paint-spray is forbidden. This is the mechanics of conservatism. The individual whose zeal, or ruthlessness, has assisted him in the fiscal conquest of things as they are—or who believes himself able to “succeed” among present things, because of his training for them—insists upon *status quo*. He must: his ideal of valor is invested in the Now. To alter Now would seem a desecration of the ideal.

The soldier brought that hysteria to the Atomic Age and sophistries ran out of him.

First, of course, he said that the weapon would not change war. Infantry was still queen. The loss of forty million citizens would have to be regarded, by soldiers, as a mere accident, irrelevant to the main situation.

Then he said that a "counter" would be found to atomic bombs and only when the scientists convinced him that his frame of reference was in error did the soldier's mind admit he could no longer defend, but only counterattack.

He next asserted the bomb was a secret and this was a monstrous expression of his fear, for it amounted to the contention that Nature is a secret which only friends can unlock.

He compromised with truth, presently, by admitting the temporary nature of his secret". But in order to protect that little, he put science in chains and slammed the gates on abstract knowledge. So he was unable thereafter to learn whether he had a secret or not, or whether his secret was the most ominous atomic instrument or not for, having closed his own gates, he closed the gates of the universities and laboratories of his potential enemies. And, to the professional soldier, every man is a potential enemy—which is as it must be for such is the historic situation.

Having closed all doors, tied the tongue of science, cut off his nation from the world, and removed himself from his own citizens, he took up privately the internal war to determine which sort of soldiers would administer his secret weapon and such other secrets as the scientists might temporarily unlock for his administration.

This is pure panic.

It is headless.

Men who live in the ages to come—if they do—will measure the weird fury of it by this fact: that not ten admirals and generals of high rank—who form the policies and make the decisions—know enough mathematics to understand the principles of atomic energy and thus to extrapolate intelligently concerning the new force. Their hearts are nerved for trinitrotoluene—their brains are calibrated for gunnery. And they do not desire to learn any better. They repudiate a hard chore which takes many years. Instead, they are “briefed” and with every raindrop of new data, every icicle of new fear, they must call in experts before they can begin to grind even with the machinery of their classic hysteria. Nations have survived under such conditions only because the affliction is universal among military men, but they have not always survived, for some military men are more conscious than others, as the change of empires by new instruments attests along all human time.

In a world of aware men—a world in which the individual dealt with his subjective self as honestly as any scientist deals with experiment or law, a world of the conscience, a world in which Reason had set itself forward by setting itself back to the instinctual consciousness—the need for such abnormal stratagems-against-death as compose the soldier would not exist. Such need, to such men, would seem ghastly, exactly as Dachau seems ghastly to ourselves.

By the same token, the ideas of the military mind today, the coin of terror-in-hiding, are ghastly.

As long as panic lasts, this will be the equation of it: the greater our physical power, the cheaper the lives of humanity. If we are to maintain this soldier-courage only it works out that forty million Americans equal something on the order of a hogshead of heavy metal.

XI

THE SOLDIER'S UNIFORM IS PROOF OF HIS INTEGRITY; IT means he is prepared under discipline and on order to die for his countrymen. His bravery costs the imagination—the hazards of it and the benefits as well. The scientist's dilemma lies elsewhere, but its nature is identical. *His* uniform is the monastic gown and the mortarboard of the artisan. It stands for his education and his dedication to Reason.

These are the very noble attributes I have already set down as the means to a new description of man's nature; and the evidence I have adduced to such a description comes from Science in the main, and to the other, small extent that there is any, from what I at least fancy to be a knowledgeable, logical application of the scientific method by myself. If this is true, the reader will then inquire why there is, to the author's mind, a dilemma among scientists and how scientists could owe to their unconscious natures any debt like that of military men.

A portion of the answer to that lies in what is called philosophy and what I am here trying to resolve as science; the rest of the answer falls mainly in the psychology of

individuals. Its sum is not much; a delay of the general integration.

The gentlemen of science have given us all the sure knowledge we have—all the provable knowledge—by the exercise of reason, and they have been in the main humble about it. They are the nearest to inheriting the earth. But, excepting for those psychologists who have studied with fact and equation, event and deduction, criticism and synthesis, the mind of man himself, scientists have ruled out man—and for this, they have their negative compensations.

The purposes of excluding man to use man's reason—of employing integrity to limit its own self—were immediate and valuable. (I trust, by now, the reader has somewhat learned to anticipate this time-construction.) When science first laid down its institutional foundations, all "knowledge" and all theory was so colored by man—by his prejudices and superstitions, by his religions and their arrogant interpretations of the archetypes—that there was no reason anywhere. The world of Ptolemy, or Hippocrates, or even of Leonardo, was a crazy quilt that hardly knew how to look at itself to establish any pattern. There were voids and contradictions in the systems of ancient men—however great they had been—and of medieval men. The only way by which the subject of science could be established firmly, in such a scrambled epoch, was to exclude man and study the properties and relationships of things.

It was a process begun almost automatically, burgeoning here from alchemy, there from medicine, and in another place from the advancement of mechanics and engineering. The honesty of the scientific investigator toward objectives—his very abdication of himself—brought the material picture clear with ever-increasing speed: in a few centuries he had traveled by accomplishment from the post-chaise to the supersonic plane, from ignorance of the circulatory system to electronic microscopy—which last was not even theoretically conceivable a mere generation ago. If this represented enormous, patient labor—a total of small advance, blunder, correction and the coming and going of reputations—it was still a fabulous reward as human accountings go. For the advancement of science hardly taxed the species compared with the work done to erect the tombs, pyramids, walled cities, altars, cathedrals, monuments and other structures which have been built by human hands in the name of gods and big men.

On the ascending spiral of this method, the physical sciences developed; the more was learned, the more the learners felt it wise to proceed in the pure exclusion of themselves. Branches of investigation separated, ramified, and at length came back together, so that the demarcations are now all arbitrary and every scientist is today, in essence, some species of mathematician, removed from the main hypothesis by many steps, it may be—an anthropologist out

of a biologist out of a chemist out of a physicist out of the cardinal algebras—but, still, a mathematician. Yet the attempt to include the observer—the experiencer—was not enlisted much in science even when its own unanimity became more and more evident.

There is one small exception worth a note, which has elicited a blurt of pedantry from a number of philosophers and which engaged my own mind until I had studied enough mathematics to perceive the error. It derives from the uncertainty principle in quantum mechanics, and I mention it here to save others my trouble. The sound of this idea to the layman's ear (that the accurate measurement of one quantum makes impossible the absolute prediction of another—that, in illustration, if the position of an electron is exactly found, its particular and exact velocity cannot be stated) suggests a sort of "loophole" in mathematics, for the continuance of speculation on the nature of classical "free will". In such a psychological system as I have here described, evidence that a mere observing presence sets up an unpredictability in space-time-energy perception seems another analogue for the idea of a primordial energy-time-ego blunder by man. Were that the case, more nearly a proof-in-physics than an analogue might be discovered. I wrote an essay upon this subject—some blurt of my own—but, luckily, I read deeper into quantum theory than those other philosophers and found out the unpredictability

persists even when the observer is a machine. I found, moreover, that the logic of these mathematics is in a three-stage pattern which I do not doubt has soundness (and which I am sure is about all most persons will be able to engage their heads with—of its sort—for a few more years).

Max Planck and Niels Bohr have therefore not been able to emancipate the Christian will for the theologians—they have not tried to—and a distortion of their premises for such purposes merely reveals, after all, a failure of the understanding.

My disappointment that a notion with which I had meddled did not shed a new, different and mathematical light on the relation of instinct to time was tempered by my relief in the escape from a stupid concept—and also by my not (I hope) unforgivable amusement at finding that a host of men, with most impressive university degrees had filled books with speculations founded on the mistake. It taught me a lesson. I had wasted time trying to advance the ideas of other men without knowing exactly enough what they were. I hastened to secure my own ideas somewhat better and from the whole experience (which occupied odd moments and active hours for many years) clarified—for myself, at least—some things of which I did know and did think.

But, with the exception of false scents in quantum

mechanics, and possibly a few patent absurdities—such as the argument in the Thirties as to whether cosmic rays proved the universe was being built up or was running down (and therefore whether there was a Creator or not), and such Appeasements as those offered by Jeans and Eddington to the devout—scientists have kept aloof from all ways of man, or godman.

The one exception I know of is Erwin Schrödinger whose remarkable short book, *What Is Life?*, argues from a physicist's description of matter to a part of the same basic conclusion which is made here by an analysis of consciousness. If Schrödinger's "God" may be regarded as identical with what I have called Instinct (in order to avoid the ideas most readers associate with "God") then, by a survey of the function of energy in genetics—by a study of the effect of sub-atomic particles on personality and on the human race—Schrödinger has reached a description of man fundamentally like that derived here from the history of the evolution of animal consciousness. His approach—a brilliant and simple scientific discussion—furnishes an entire new and opposite category of evidence for the concept of Instinctual Man.

The old "prejudices" were usually, however, left far behind by the scientist. Pure reason was exercised and extended for its own sake. Because of it, I can have a great knowledge now. The universe is my oyster and I can taste

it accurately in the sauce of a thousand facts. I know the circumference of Betelgeuse and the names of many hormones and I know electrons are so far away from their nuclei that, were the electrons in people packed upon the cores of their atoms, as at the center of big stars, I could keep the population of Rhode Island under my thumbnail, comfortably, but for the weight. My learning is glamorous and immense and all I seem unable to know by it is what to say to my wife and where to go Tuesday evening.

Nor does any scientist know better than I the answer to such enigmas; it may be, some not as well as I.

He need not know, the scientist replies. He suspects me, now, of the subtle introduction of *a priori* argument that he *must* be a Good Man, Husband, Father, Provider—of categorical imperative, that is. He hastens to assure me that his science is more honest than all religions, ethical systems and sociological creeds lumped in one—an absolute Puritanism. He explains that because of its detachment, it must remain amoral in regards to man. The highest ethic, he protests, is to agree never to have arrived at a final ethic.

I can protest until doomsday that his "amoral" concept of abstraction has left it possible for men to be perfectionists in chemistry and at the same time Nazis, Soviet Communists, Congregationalists, Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, Spanish Monarchists, and Heaven alone knows what else. It will not move him. Stupidities, he will say—individual peculiarities—misfortunes. If a man is a good chemist,

nothing else matters. And furthermore (the scientist will add with a very justifiable dignity) most of his colleagues are not base politicians, connivers, propagandists for social systems, or religious zealots, but quiet, orderly altruistic men.

I can protest till the literal day of doom that amorality as a high ideal in a cryological laboratory too readily becomes an *excuse* in worldly affairs, and that people—some scientists included—may pervert the amoral abstraction and use knowledge to blow humanity to smithereens. That has nothing to do, he will say, with truth or reason.

But, could I show the scientist that there was a natural law of his subjective self, and that he obeyed it whether he would or not, or knew it or not, and that whatever he did, even in science, depended upon that law—that his “choices” and his “selections” were but illusions, mirror-images, which rose from a more fundamental source and were affected only according to his own consciousness of the source—then, perhaps, I could convince him that there was an unrecognized compensatory process even in abstract science. I might, indeed, thereby persuade him more than ever of his value to his species—which I would have intended to do; but, if so, I would also persuade him that the science of psychology had met up with the rest, and that without insight into it, he can no longer consider himself a thorough workman or a pure speculator.

The nuclear physicists, since Hiroshima, have demon-

strated, by *doing*, what I have just set down—this time, conditionally, as a theory. They have turned in their small thousands, hotter and hotter during the passing months, for a moral universe, world government, the rational settlement of affairs. This demand, in “amoral” scientists, is *a priori* as the very devil—for they nowadays canvas the republic insisting that the moral system arrive of itself, instantaneously, owing to a now manifest need, without either a good system in mind or a method for its adoption. They sound like men with guilty consciences—which I happen to think they are—and I feel sure, also, that the longer they allow soldiers to dominate them, the guiltier they will seem to themselves.

An auxiliary illusion of these gentlemen appears to be that all men, when confronted by a severe fact, will acknowledge it—just as they assume that they do in every category. Numbers of them, working in Alamogorda, imagined that when they had realized one bomb, the mere news could be announced and our adversaries would sensibly surrender; military opinion disagreed. Larger numbers believed that a demonstration of their primitive atomic bomb in a waste region of Japan would turn the trick, and that its use on a live city would be unnecessary—hence inhumane; they so wrote the President. He, or someone, disagreed. When the deed was done, very large numbers of nuclear physicists felt they needed only to present civiliza-

tion with the facts to insure world reorganization; the Army debauched their effort to offer facts as much as it could; but even the people who were able to grasp basic truths did not unanimously react in favor of a free world governed so that knowledge could again be freely exchanged. On the contrary. Even at this writing, more than a year after the detonation of the bomb, the law to put physics under civilian (rather than military) secrecy is not yet in effect, and the idea of freedom of knowledge in the world is the merest proposal, which grows dimmer every time two statesmen meet for luncheon.

What concerns the immediate subject, however, is not that the iron curtain of Russia be lifted (or any gauzy veils which may embrace the Vatican) so that men with knowledge may end the tyranny of armies and of ideologies and commence to act knowledgably again, but *why* so many physicists were impelled to demand a new morality on earth, all of a sudden, and *why* they expected to find the reasonableness in common man (or whatever it was they expected) which would make him behave abruptly in a moral fashion—especially since they had boasted their amoral detachment for such a long, long time. Guilty conscience insufficiently explains those assumptions and paradoxes.

Common man in the lump acts as instinctually as sheep; here, they expected reason of him. Scientists are dedicated

to detachment; here, they exhibited a sense of values. Their actions showed that to all of them, in the test of reality, narrow truth for truth's sake was meaningless, "pure" science bunkum, and their pride of amorality a pretense.

Some *instinct* drove them a little way from the posture: the instinct, let us say, that they were still men. The envisioned spectacle of science stopped by the ending of man's life, or even of his organization on the planet, was most repugnant to them, however pure. And their dismay at the response of the world to their presentation of what to them were orderly ideas was a second lesson in instinct—if they cared to study it. Common man, presented with "the facts", did not decide either justly or sanely—to the astonishment of the laureates and the doctors. For common man—poor, desecrated creature—lacks the essential facts about his own instincts. The organ with which he evaluated the handiwork of the professors depended for its efficiency on data supplied by racial and national prides, local schools, churches, and what astrologers write in daily papers.

Many physicists and chemists and engineers—especially the first—were secondarily shocked in their wider sensibilities by that situation and some even changed their archetypes, becoming spokesmen, advocates, teachers and lobbyists of moral reason, overnight—abandoning the Bunsen burner for public life, a limelight in which they could both

investigate and promulgate morals. "Sanity" was their commonest word for that. So they have expressed by act the coming-together of instinct again with scientists; even though the sciences had not yet much brought instinct into theoretical focus, so far as they knew.

However, most scientists, outside of the nuclear branch of physics, went running on with their academic and human packs, oblivious to the validity of the dismay amongst their specialized colleagues. Worst of all, multitudes of scientific men were so obsessed with *status quo*—each in the ego of his little branch of knowledge—that even when they saw the general threat, they refused to disturb themselves lest their work be bothered. The fact that nuclear investigation was for a time liable to fall into the hands of a military staff—the fact that part of the work *has* fallen into such hands—the fact that war budgets have become the mainstay of abstract investigations—the fact that fundamental researchers have been immured from each other all over the world excepting only for the access of espionage—and the fact that public government has taken over the conduct of pure knowledge for defense, within this nation—did not cause the multitudes to reflect that society had chained up even their own best, amoral principle, their pure reason, where they could not use it properly again until the world changed. Or, if it caused the reflection in these august personages and in the hypocritical jelly of

their associations, it did not rouse them to any expression of their fealty to truth.

They washed their hands. They went on squinting at chlorophyll. They took the bowels out of insects and studied them. They would not lift a finger to assist the embattled nuclear physicists. Embroglio was beneath them. Dangers attended actions. If this university or that society threw its learned weight in favor of the proposal that man's first duty was to restore his access to his own knowledge, trustees would suspect a red taint in the affair, appropriations would be cut off, gifts would dwindle, appointments would be withheld and fellowships denied and chairs rendered vacant. Histologists were not intellectually trained to argue for mathematicians and—anyway—it would betray the science and the progress of the science, if histologists even considered risking martyrdom for those other specialists who had manufactured atom bombs. Let the atomic experts present the facts; the balance of duty lay with politicians.

This was, and probably still is, the view of the majority of scientists. And I would ask the reader if he thinks it represents dedication to pure reason and to the perfect human separation of man from the pursuit of knowledge, or, perchance, the kind of egotism which I have depicted as unaware of its opposite archetypes?

Alas. Scientists are caught in the web of common instinct.

And here is their compensation. With the same integrity as the soldier, they have disciplined themselves for sacrifice to the hope of increasing what we know. To this end they have given up other means. Not imagination in the future-seeing sense of the word, but imagination in present-seeing. They are unworldly men because they would not be aware of the world. Yet they have depended on it altogether—as all men must. They have their courage to die, too, for their work, like the soldier. *Their* primary deficiency is not of the inner person but the outer need. Whatever they intend to do demands a wealth of materials and this demands material wealth, which they have neither the time nor the inclination to acquire.

So they have become parasitical of worldly sources for their function and of worldly processes they hardly consider.

I, myself, have listened to the most famous minds alive deliberate whether or not they dared ask the boon of an expensive item of equipment from an electrical corporation which, like anybody's God, sometimes gave to them and sometimes did not. I have watched one of the greatest physicists in the world eat tea with an obscene old harridan in the hope he might get some generators out of her or a new spectroheliograph. This is the real earth. This (not grants by a moral, educated species) is the subsidy of science. This—and the prospect of war. A childlike de-

pendency is the price of the Ivory Tower. The ear of reason and the eye for truth cut themselves off from their unscientific host, Humanity.

Men, whose lives, whose ideals and purposes, are anchored to such structures in all their cheap variety and ramification, may not have their pure reason corrupted by the fact, and may not even consciously assess it in a lifetime, but there will be the compensatory fear inside them that all they mean to mean, and mean to accomplish, is subject to chumps with pocketbooks.

Say that science is immoral if you will; say man is—and I can show rationalizations enough even in this one predicament of scientists to refute any advocacy. Instinct of acquisition in the businessman. Instinct of his vanity or his intelligent plan for further acquisition turned to the account of pure reason. Instinct against death—to see some silly name like Hotchkiss immortal over laboratory doors. Instinct of beasts at war or fearing war to hire men to build them better clubs.

I think the point is clear—the compensation established—and if man is therefore moral, every science should look into it.

Indeed, the professors might begin by inquiring what it is that drives them onward at the cost of every other pride in their intrepid effort to augment consciousness.

XII

IT WILL BE SAID THAT, FOR A MAN SO INTENT ON MORALS, I have been hard on the church. I would be harder; I would do away with it. This institution, this school for hypocrites and university of ignorance, has resisted attacks from myriad sane and decent quarters since the time it was divinely guided by a witchman with a drum and until the reign of the current Pope. Men of enormous good will, and hope, too—even men within the church, like Emerson—have shaken every timber of its moribund architecture. Yet it does not fall. It has a sinister viability. The church is like the Hydra that guards Hell's Gate: whenever a successful cut is made at it, a head falls, whereupon two replace it. Let a dissenter penetrate some ignominious churchly superstition and so deprive the parent body of members and behold, one—two—ten denominations are founded on the objection.

Perhaps the old legend—the old archetype—is worth laboring a little farther. Hercules found, when he finally slew the serpent, that if the wounds were cauterized, they ceased to breed the devilish double-domes. Some cautery is needed today, some fire of truth, some means of burning away the fission in the serpent's cells.

The church (as I have indicated earlier in this essay), almost any church and nearly every church, is a foundation designed to maintain a particular body of legends. According to the Jungian hypothesis, legends are the tangible forms which instinct takes in man, an inherent property of him and *the* inherent property of his subjectivity, generating themselves spontaneously in all places and at all times, peopled by resembling characters and telling parallel tales. So this viability of churches is explained by any sect and every sect. Instinctual man is under the *necessity* of giving some expressed form or other to the opposing forces from which consciousness has gradually emerged.

Out of their mysterious compulsions—will to live and wish to die, urge to procreate and dread of succession—even those island people I imagined as reared without benefit of man would slowly invent legends and archetypes. And until more analytical men discovered what it was they all were doing—how they were merely articulating their animal natures in the very attempt to deny them (by claims of being heroes and owning gods and possessing immortal shades)—the transcendental effort would constantly obscure their true transcendental possibilities. Their “shades”—their souls—would remain but shadows of egos which had taken on the garment of some godliness or other and thereby cast into darkness all view of the eternal time of instinct.

The love and the fear of gods, the adoration and the dread, are fundamental qualities of the interior man—his “religious nature”—blind to itself until his insight becomes pure enough, or scientific enough—if you prefer—to scorch away his old ego and the public estimate of man’s importances. In the legendary, the religious patterns, forms themselves are all-possessive. Until a man sees that agony and glory, the reasons and the emotions of living, the panoply of his own evolution and of the blazing universe by truth discovered repose in his instinct, the instinct will possess the man and he will generally seek a repository for *it*. Each church is such a repository; each religion therefore must contain the exalted and the cruel, the noble and the vicious, the pure ideal and the heathen applications. And if a somewhat reasonable man be argued out of one church, he generally must needs join another. He is but converted back and forth among archetypes. He eschews this set because he has discovered it is too ritualistic, primitive, incredible or barbaric; he has debunked it; then he accepts a new faith which is more up-to-date but no less irrational in that it closes his mind some other way. Or, he wearies of pure reason’s syllogisms, of being a modern man without a god, and the instinctual core of him responds to the drumming of organs and choirs and the holding up of symbols which are not antiseptic but venerable; he is “convinced” by the strength of very real instinctual impressions; and

then your liberal atheist is suddenly become a Roman Catholic.

The "need of God" is real to the vanity. It is a need of gods. Of names to put on instincts and on patterns—of a legendary to quiet the questions asked by the mind of the aspiring or the downcast nerves. Why did I do this? Why did I refuse? Why do I feel angry when I should be at peace—happy, when I should be ashamed? The "I" demands descriptions and definitions; these must be commensurate not only with the interior pressures but with whatever altitude of regard "I" has for itself. That is why rich people own such enormous gods. Who else needs them or could temple them adequately or support delegated authority enough—the requisite priesthood? The unlonely poor have still small voices. And associations of people organize empires for their gods—states within states—supported by contribution everywhere in the earth—and their gods can thunder loud enough to quake governments. This gives them all, rich or poor, a collective arrogance in the ego that is great enough to hold instincts everywhere in check, or stasis, or seeming balance, sometimes for generation after generation.

The godmen fear the atheist who, somehow peacefully and with a good demeanor, takes his small, solitary stand in the cosmos without assistance of one of their societies. But most, they fear the individual whose private authen-

ticity has found them out—whose up-winged wisdom commences to descry their fettered situation and to detect in the heavens the more-enveloping pattern and to live in liberty by itself. The men of God and the soaring man are both ruled by instinct; one knows, the others do not. So it becomes the necessary self-protective instinct of the mass to try to shoot down this individual. Wherever, in society, any process starts which might tend to undo the blunder of forebears who crept down from trees and slunk through the bushes with dangling arms—whenever there is a sign that the instinct of some man or men is about to investigate itself—the churches unite against the event, be it in pamphlet, a nudist colony, or science itself. For the sake of the peace of mind of all who are *compelled*, that which compels them must somehow be kept in shadow, where they deem their shades to be—and rightly. This is the explanation of persecution, office of churches, and the so-called will of God.

Since the church is the repository of instinct, it becomes administrator of it—and the archetypal theorem's established again by the shortest search for proof of this in any holy apparatus. One finds among naked savages, and the nearly-as-naked savages on Park Avenue in New York City, that religion owns and controls all human biological procedure. When a man is born, the church must baptize him. When he is adolescent, the church must confirm the bap-

tism. When he mates, the church must marry him. When he reproduces, the church must be handed the offspring, that the cycle start again. If he would put his wife away from himself, the church must assent—or refuse to assent. If he sins, the church must forgive him. If he is sick, the church must take the advantages of comfort. If he is dying, the church must supply prayers and unctions. And when he dies, the church must bury him. Each of these steps costs money. A benediction will stoop to extort a farthing. And after a man is dead, the church expects a portion of his estate. Some churches put a posthumous levy on the entrance of Heaven. The sumptuousness of these offices is scaled by price; there is every class of baptism, wedding and funeral—even two-pants suits for the dead, one to wear in the church and a more durable pair evidently needed for a head start on eternity, in the grave. Though here, I do believe, it is the mortician who exploits the human vanity.

This is a Christian Nation, where Sabbath is a holiday, the property of churches is not assessed, untaxed donations to God (up to ten per cent of income) are permitted by the revenue collector, money bears the name of the Lord, the witness to crime is sworn on the Bible, most violations of the Ten Commandments are punishable by law, and statesmen say grace. Yet there are enough different kinds of Christian churches here to convince any Buddhist or any

worshiper of Baal or any Martian that the Christians themselves have no idea what Christianity means or what it intends that they should do.

It is generally asserted that Christians are monotheists but it is hardly possible to find a sect, as I have said elsewhere, which has not split its God into parts and sexes; some, in the person of saints, have as many holy characters as all the other pagans, heathens and idolators. The clergy produces on demand definitions of the gods to fit most purses and points of view. In many Christian churches the gods and their symbols are intellectualizations nowadays; but in some, they are still plaster, like any Hindu frieze. In all of them, a cruel creed of crucifixion (and a process of psychological resurrection which may lift the animal some few steps in instinctual awareness and is real to that extent) is offered in counterbalance to the American world and its vain excesses. A little psychic pain at Easter, if not every Sunday, compensates the conscience for another year of the hundred and fifty in which we have nervously enjoyed an American Spree.

Half of the nation has little or nothing to do with churches and assumes that "religious freedom" implies freedom of their irreligiousness. It does not. America tolerates all churches. But no church tolerates unchurchliness; because of that, the free mind of the nation is disenfranchised without knowing it. We are enslaved by religions

even when we will have none of them. They are one when one of them is criticized. Indeed, the pressure of sanity against them today is driving their sects toward physical reunion.

Liberty—the room for honesty—is everywhere a confining chamber, a theory but not much a practice, a condition believed to exist hugely until its measurements are examined. The intolerant churches have compressed it. Or they have kept it from expanding. This is an incessant catastrophe; it has given the churches their power—swelled up religious pride where freedom ought to grow—and slain conscience everywhere in the name of Christ. Challenge of the fact is labeled hellish automatically (and, lately, “communist”). Millions of Christians do not just rage defensively at honest men, but weep in the pity of piety for them, which is the more appealing instinct and attracts new sentimentalists to the altar—for a blindfolding or, more generally, for having the last of their weak sight put out. By now, every industry and profession and nearly every classroom in America has been corrupted to this purpose of the churches: to keep liberty from becoming extensive.

It is possible, in the United States of America, to publish such an essay as this in a book. And that is the outside dimension of the room here for freedom. As a book, it will be stolen from libraries by persons who disagree with what it says—which is not a service to truth but the very exercise

of fear and an act of panic. Angered men, who do not like to have their natures or the etiology of their God disclosed, may attempt to confiscate this book by purchase from local stores or to have it banned in State courts. They have done as much before. People may throw copies of it on bonfires—as they have other books—and this, too, is a ritual of assuagement.

But I could not express such thoughts as these on the American radio or by motion pictures or print them in the newspapers or get them published in the magazines. No business has sponsored an atheist on the air—its gross would drop too suddenly and too much. Theoretically, the atheist has as much “right” to argue as the Baptist. Actually, he has no opportunity. The “good” people in our society choke him. For justice, they have absolute contempt. They already “know” that they are “right” and will not hear anything further or permit the public to listen to a syllable of dissent!

In the dominions—the immense realms—where the church administers instinct, this perfidious circumstance has driven what we know so far away from what we pretend that we are all disoriented, whether we profess God and sit in the Sunday bench, or mock even at morals, and tee off every Sunday morning with a ritualistic oath in warrant of an imperial irresponsibility for man. We have gone insane. We are all mad.

The use of reason has provided us with a world which only reason can use. But not priest or scientist or any layman betwixt them can expose our secrets, separate the collisions, and assemble the schisms, to see what the use ought to be, or to be becoming. The instincts are confused on all sides. The codes that were sufficient for Jerusalem and Rome and Venice—for all the artisans and handworkers of time—have become irrelevant or manifestly in error. The new codes of communal association or corporate state breed frenzy. The original incentive of easy riches expires with the gutting of our continent. Nothing suffices. But no one is allowed by the churches to consult with the people on any moral matter in other-than-churchly terms. Examples are endless.

Birth control. Here is a discovery in our biology as fundamental as the learning of the art of fire. It means we must decide in our minds concerning what churches profess to own. Do the radio networks explain it and discuss it, as it revolutionizes man?

Evolution. Is this great discovery of human origin—the only proper introduction to learning—the schoolboy's first course?

Ethnology. Here is the science of tolerance among men, for it proves they are one—not cousins—but the same blood. Where Phoenicia mined tin, Semites bred with the natives. Where the Iberians halted, they brought the Negro

stream, through African Moors, and Spanish Moors, with whom they'd lived. Each snobbish Anglo-Saxon may be part a Jew and part a colored man. Has this inexorable circumstance been made clear to every moppet old enough to clutch the Star-Spangled Banner? And does he also know what a torrent of Asia beats in his veins?

A book could be written of the mere lists of truths some men know that all should know, which it is forbidden to speak about in the presence of the General Public.

Who forbids it? The church.

The gods and their arrogant servants, the men of God.

It is a pea-soup world. Truth hacks a hole, goes on, and the fog fingers of self-assessed virtue close up the place. The minister intones. The flabby lips of the priests moisten with a smile. The density is restored. The Republic's safe behind its clerical cloak, safe in the arms of Jesus—that sad and terrible neurotic who had so little insight into himself, such giant ego, and yet such an intuition of the archetypes.

Ye shall know the truth.

Love one another.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Suffer little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The kingdom of God is within you.

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed.

For whoever hath, to him shall be given . . . but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

And ye shall know the truth, *and the truth shall make you free.*

Even the words of this man, spoken two ignorant thousand years ago, burn like the phrase at Belshazzar's feast on the walls of every standing church today. These Christians have had that long to add to wisdom and every century they have moved a little farther away from it.

You cannot, today, even mention the sanctified repositories by name in the free press and the other free media of this great, free nation. The right of simple criticism is stopped up. The right to ridicule lies beyond editorial thought. Whatever it is that half the citizens ponder with their free minds, it cannot be constellated or directed toward an inquiry on churches or the correction of a church. England is freer. The English name names and assert critique, lambaste, enjoy the public literature of a liberty that has been murdered here.

You will find—for example—that ninety-odd per cent of your fellows in this republic hold the late Mary Baker Eddy

to have been part abomination and part fool, a quack in the science of applied psychology, a fat Coué; and yet, where have you seen or heard of a man allowed to dissect the sophistries of Christian Scientists in the public prints? It is tabu. It is a fruitful forest our tribe is not allowed to enter.

The objection to the Church of Rome is also mighty. This House of God has existed for a thousand years on the bodies of exploited human beings. In symbols and rituals it contains just enough awareness of instinct to bury deliberately continents and ages of the human mind. Its mechanics give it an access to that kingdom of heaven which is the human child, and it understands archetypes enough so to indoctrinate him that even though he forgets the experience he will respond to it the rest of his days and beg extreme supreme unction to ready himself even for a gangster's funeral. Freud explained it. Freud's patients, like Catholics, had been bent to their shape in the years of infancy. So with most crooked personalities. Instinct—in-instinct. What ways it turns and how man holds the mold!

Wherever in a nation the Roman Catholic Church is able to grasp the public instinct, freedom dies, a tyranny is set up over the citizens to conform with the spiritual and temporal tyranny of this church, and cathedrals flourish while the people grow poor. A night of ignorance is walled

around them like a sheepfold. The clergy fleshes up. Science is extinguished as a light among the laity and handed over to the Jesuits who have so employed it that their name of Jesus is a synonym for intrigue. Wherever truth of science interferes with hierarchy, it can be rationalized or set aside or put out again.

That the church may seize the human conscience from the man, the Catholic confessional is held. And that the drive of sex may be channeled for the uses of popes and cardinals and bishops, the fear-engendering, worship-provoking symbol of chastity is kept incarnate in living men and women—in priests and nuns—who walk among the contemporary people wearing the garments of their death, the evidence they have married God and Church.

What other proof of instinct do you need?

Only a little while ago, this organism proclaimed (in the Vatican's own press) that a world horrified by the atomic bomb was a world which would at last understand why the Roman Catholic Church had fought science through the centuries. These words are the church's own confession of its central crime.

I know, good reader, my own hazard here, of being called an anti-Catholic, or an anti-Christian Scientist, if there be such a term. I know it will be said that I am inconsistent to attack intolerance and speak against sects in the same arguments. I know that it will be said I have seemed

to defend Jews while I assailed Protestants. These are the tags of entrenched bigotry by which they dislodge the judgment even of those who strive to be fair-minded. But remember how I began this chapter.

I am against no man on earth, but in a passion for the gain of understanding in every man.

I am against no special church, but all churches, because they employ the instinct of man above all else to maintain themselves, and because they do not preach or even pretend to own the morality of the Jesus they profess. And they do not even vaguely comprehend the overwhelming meaning of his intuitions.

I am not an agnostic or an atheist—one who thinks the truth is unknowable or protests there is no God. My sense of truth in the matter is different; I acknowledge there is validity—however savagely distorted—in all these gods.

And I am against the distortion.

Let me be plainer. To every man who believes he knows the True God: I am against his God. For of each God, men make the gods that render us mad to destroy us—the various Christ-Gods and all the antithetical gods that Christians fear and deplore (and court in secret)—Mammon, for example, and Venus.

Idols in the mind are identical with mud idols and merely look better to people who are slightly aware they have minds. But we have at long last learned enough to be done

with this one more appalling institution in man's story—the peonage of the conscience—the church.

Let us make a place in the news of our society, then, for the exposition—lest present scourges, and the eternal advocacy of the idolaters, demolish that small chamber from which our bravest forebears intended such mighty liberties to come forth. These Christians! They are at the wheels of every war. They are at the helm of monopoly. They lie in labor's dirtiest ditches. The American mom belongs to Jesus. As statesmen, they trade away humanity through the centuries like strings of beads and barrels of vegetables. These shining Christians! Their holy gleam, on 'close inspection, proves almost always to be the phosphore of putrescence.

Every man of honesty knows that we human beings are in the Primary School of truth: we have barely learned how to learn. What we can find out concerning the nature of Nature, of the universe and of ourselves will inevitably show how stupid and overweening are the Beliefs of this day. We should hold them ready, always, for surrender. That is bravery. That is greatness. To be foresworn to a dogma is to be shackled and it is also to be made the own worst enemy of one's self, for the part of the mind able to learn more, whenever it stands in the presence of new truth, will hate the part that is pledged to learn no more—even though both parts maintain the bond of the

obscene loyalty. This is the thickness of thieves and the fierce, compulsory fealty of conspirators. The man steals from himself and conspires against himself and hence from the whole world when he says, "I know it all"—especially concerning God. If what men have claimed for God were the truth, the world would have been different long ago. So I oppose the claim. To the sincerely reverent, the somewhat honest, this opposition will seem painful. I am sorry. To the hypocrites—the religionistic professionals—it will be infuriating. I am unmoved. My own pain to reach these conclusions was long and unexpressible; in the description of them my heart holds the steadiest good cheer and only the intellect is sometimes moved to anger as it speaks to the reader for liberty of the mind and equally against all anarchy and all tyranny.

The churches have dug the public habits full of channels to divert all civilized contemplation of themselves. When one church is taken to task, they say that all are being defiled and every Holy Name of God as well. Religious criticism from outside the church, they hold an expression of ignorance and a shameful occupation. It is a Sign of Communism, or anything else the majority despises: a sign of neurosis or sexual perversion. It is, the churches add, a violation of the Constitution, which grants men the right to worship as they please—a vicious national act, un-American in fact and intent. This habitual trans-

lation of the Constitution as a red-white-and-blue curtain over religious affairs is their favorite; it influences the most weak minds and has most deprived the nation of the fresh air of reality, fact, truth, and the equal rights of free speech that would oppose bigotry. For the Constitution gives no minority the power to interfere with the individual or his honorable opinions or his press or his legislature.

But the American churches do not hesitate—whenever other measures seem inadequate—to resort to blackmail, extortion, intimidation of free men, threat of assault in the pocketbook—all brands of Godly robbery. And so dear has property become to Americans that those who do not kneel to a creed, do kneel to property—kneel—and crawl when it is invoked by sanctimonious dastards. We will withdraw our advertising, the churches say to the editor. We will refuse en masse to subscribe. If you say anything about us that is not for us, we will boycott you. Print this praise we have written of ourselves. Cut out that speech. It happens every day to the free press: the hinting minister—the smiling, apologetic priest—the little talk—and the crime against man's completed in the name of God. I've seen it enough times in the managing editor's office and I have watched it originate in the churches to which I once belonged.

What dirty citizens such people make!

What cowards they are—for their own sakes which they call the sake of Christ.

Because of them, the radio is neuter.

Because of them, the motion picture industries maintain an office headed by some man of prominence to check each foot of film against the avalanche of each day's bigotries—how long a skirt may be, how deep a neck this year, how wide a dancer may swing her hips for the Mormons, what double meaning some obscure theology might find in the dialogue, the date when Methodists rescind a tabu on the word screwy, the forbidden chuckle about bishops, and all moral significances—that virtue triumph, that never a man or woman lie together unmarried with pleasure and sans punishment, death preferred—and so on and on and on to the outermost reaches of every filthy, sick imagination that has exalted itself in vice for the Glory of God.

In Sex, especially, and "sex morals", the churches clench the dominion.

When life and death are not problems of the immediate moment, the problem of man and woman is greatest—as Freud found, and as I have said here, and as every asylum-keeper knows. All that man does and is—his family, seen toward ancestors and progeny, the art of himself and his arts—has flowed from the duality of sex since the protoplasm remembereth not when. Thus, if the church cannot

order and command the archetypes that represent the myriad opposites in sexuality, the church cannot endure. So its principal energy—its organizational libido—is directed to this end in ten thousand disguises and also by such psychological stratagems as I have already cited: the voluntary self-castration of a holy class of men and women for Example—a violence upon life proportionate to the violence of sex instinct itself and cunningly intended to interfere with every private inkling of independence and of real purity, so that the individual will commit himself to the church, awed by this evidence of what seems inhuman might.

Ah! The dreadful crosses Ego invents to spare itself from the sight of instinct!

The church has such a necessity of possessing the public attitudes towards sex that hardly any thought foreign to any religious system is allowed a good expression and in this sense we could call ourselves a Roman Catholic nation, or Methodist, since what offends these is carefully concealed from all. Churchly control of the rules for sex behavior is of such ecclesiastical importance that its exercise has cost the general intelligence all common touch with morals. "Morals" mean sex morals to the masses, and not ethics. That fact provides many incidental conveniences to the church, for it can set up exact rules of sex biology, administer them immaculately, and divide the rest of

ethics to suit property—allowing the secret, cheatful doctrines of business holy assent, and confining virtue to certain alms, the support of arrogant meddling by missionaries, tithes for a new edifice, endowment of parochial schools, and the like.

Morals confused—sometimes unconsciously, but more often deliberately, methodically! Morals without reference to any knowledge that has appeared in the world since Babylon!

In the last half century, the science of sexuality has been originated. At the same time, our technical society has found various means to prevent conception and it has learned ways both to inhibit and to cure venereal disease. The sex instinct is now beginning to be understood. The physical fears—exploited by churches since the Stone Age—are banished. Everything that man knew about his sexual nature is changed and all he has done is subject to revision. The crisis in morals is more desperate here than elsewhere for this is the center of ordinary morality. Dilemma blazes in our promiscuous conduct; yet the brains and integrity of our society are not allowed to be brought to bear upon it—for impartial, public discussion is all but tabu.

Here, in all these churches, these religions, is the collective parallel for the process by which the individual falls blind prey to his own instinct. He imports to his ego every

advantage that can be seized or mirrored from objectivity, to be convinced that he is not an animal but more than an animal—and he exports, by the act, all awareness of archetypal opposition, all contact with time and truth. The groups of the godly build their gods to shield the fact that they are animals. They eschew the reason in their heads and the dignities in their hearts, as the price. They will not treat with Nature evenly; Nature is too honest for them; they would see themselves as something more than honest—as pure virtuousness and naught else—so they must forever lie. But they cannot be forgiven any longer on the grounds that they know not what they do.

It is possible, now, for them to know.

XIII

THE MAN ON THE STREET SAYS THAT THE WORLD IS INSANE. The Washington administrator confides that various government officials, the heads of numerous corporate colossi, certain statesmen and many generals are mad. I can see for myself that the times do not make sense.

Mental disease in the individual is readily diagnosed and well understood; its causes generally lie in the conflicts, inhibitions and frustrations of sex instinct, in jealousies, unnatural fixations, the Oedipus complex, and other variants of adult infantilism. Mental diseases in the masses—neurotic and psychotic *epidemics*—have only recently received scientific recognition. The paranoid nature of Nazism convinced many doubting psychologists of the fact of subjective plague. Nazism and fascism are symptoms in Christendom. And we have not yet recovered.

But I can see that humanity has been swept by plagues for millennia. I can see the ways in which each of a score of civilizations has become inflated in the ego, lost contact with the fundamental incentives, and so prepared itself for invasion by the rising neighbor society, or for the barbarian cataract, or for collapse under Time's ruinous erosion.

Health authorities make maps of areas and ages to show how these people were felled by typhus, those by a-vitiminosis, others by syphilis, cholera, smallpox or malaria. I can see that the day is coming when maps will trace the subjective viruses and show how an overweening pride undid the Semitic conquerors, and how Napoléon's France fell to the mass identification with a single Hero archetype, and how it was an inferiority complex which gnawed away the German Reich. The maps will exhibit the lesson backward through Egyptian dynasties and Assyrian kings till history goes out of sight. For diseases of the mind are greater killers of nations than things which wriggle and flagellate. And neither universal physical health nor economic stability is any panacea for this other category of plague. Man's public mind must be healthful—and it has never been.

The adaptability of man is great enough so that he is able to maintain social forms and carry out national programs with a seeming of normality long after his psychological infection has spread beyond hope of recovery. Indeed, the unconscious mind of a dying state often makes, in the persons of its ablest citizens, a final effort to overthrow the ubiquitous abuse of instinct; such attempts have produced many "golden ages", "silver ages", "restorations" and other luminous historical twilights. But adequate awareness of malady is not possible, as yet, in the case of

mass psychosis or neurosis, for, whatever the disorientation or illusion may be, it is so widely shared that any evidence of insight is regarded as *itself* a perturbation of the mind.

Mental epidemics are not like physical plagues. Symptoms there may well be, and symptoms violently alarming to the afflicted group; but, when the sickness is severe enough and general enough, its universal symptom is that it is concealed. It disguises itself as "realism" and the very proof of good mental health—and there is no way for the people to tell that they are mad. In this, it is the mere multiplication of individual process already discussed here—the transmutation of instinct by ego so that the former is made invisible, for the aggrandizement of the latter. All religions and all patriotisms are mental epidemics. In order to expand certain values, they repress other values and truths. And all foreigners can see both the ego and the blindness of other nations.

To the individual, the entering virus is a small thing, a conversion or an indoctrination, the rearrangement of a few electrons in his brain; the act is customary and the reward to the ego is large. Religion not only relieves him of the distressing responsibility of being an animal, but elevates him to a godship—kept conditional, that the church may hold dominion over him. Patriotism makes him that most superior and distinguished of all human

beings, a Spaniard, a Dutchman, an incomparable Englishman—or an American, the inhabitant of God's Country. By these diseases he is both subjectively and objectively separated from the human species and, unless he is one among thousands, he is never sufficiently restored in health to join his kind again.

There are other plagues of the human psyche; but this pair has principally sabotaged its peace. Because of them the human prospect is always uncertain and now more than ever. The world's inhabited by a rabble of two billion god-owned zealots and patriots who yearn for tranquillity as individuals, but insist that it must be arranged under special terms, and who struggle secretly in the meantime so that they will be able to annihilate each other in the event of major disagreement. The common patriot, Hindu or Hoosier, and the common bigot, Brahmin or Baptist, are madder powder-makers than all the merchants of death and the military men together.

Beneath the egotism of this, the instincts demand, not security, but the opportunity for satisfaction. Security—some safe and standstill *status quo*—is never the main business of instinct, but evolution, the increment of consciousness, which holds dear the individual or group only so long as the greater purpose is served. The moment the rising consciousness is inhibited by men, the instincts commence to destroy those men and their works, keeping the

process hid under some good name or blessed program. This is moral. When religions or nations become immoral by the Instinctual laws, they destroy themselves. Enforcement is absolute—man's one option to learn, obey, and grow. Rebels against the moral rules of nations have lived and flourished, and church heretics in hordes as well; rebels against Instinct and heretics who deny Natural Law extinguish every society, in the end.

To mature, to mate, to breed, to raise children in such a fashion that they may improve the cycle, is the function of the sex instinct, and all new knowledge—all discovered truth—is civilizing asset. What we know of genetics and eugenics and venereal disease and the control of conception and of artificial insemination is advantage in our application of the instincts of sex. What we have learned about the erotic principle from anthropology, and general biology, and psychology and sociology, what we have learned about the physiology and the physics and chemistry of sex is gain in consciousness.

But we Americans have not much utilized the knowledge and we do not have the machinery in our minds to find out how to begin to use it. We invest our greatest passion in the contrary attempt—to keep ourselves ignorant. Before there ever was a germ theory, poxes and black deaths were regarded as scourges from heaven or from hell. In these days, we have exactly the same attitude toward the

psychological sources. We see that we are behaving foolishly—or viciously; but we do not see that what we believe is foolish and vicious.

The sex life of the United States of America—life of the family, the home, and life in all pertinent institutions—is very close to ruin. In history, this family-failure has generally been the symptom which presaged the collapse of a state. One could easily deduce that such collapse—from internal or enemy pressure—would have taken place already in America if there had been, anywhere in this century, a state with an effective family system of any sort and a plausible set of aesthetics for its sex manners. It chances that Asia is at an ebb and the sex life of Europe is entirely wrecked; this involves (by the postulate that we are animals) the whole life, art and culture of Europe; it will take generations to restore or to replace—centuries of Asiatic existence. If we are unfortunate to live amidst sex quandary, we Americans are lucky not to be contemporary with any large and mentally healthful society.

The fact of our shambles may be established in a thousand ways. I list a few of the indices to remind the reader of the order of magnitude of our problem:

- 1.) Before the recent war, our divorce rate was about one-fifth; it is now one-third, and rising.

- 2.) In some urban areas, there have recently been more divorces than marriages.

3.) A very careful study of adultery, the results of which have not as yet been announced but which I have seen, establishes that most American men and women are not faithful to their spouses.

4.) Juvenile delinquency has risen from one to two hundred per cent in the past five years.

5.) There are no reliable statistics on the in chastity of minors but it is known, from surveys, that sex relations among minors follow the adult incidence.

6.) About a quarter of Americans of military age proved unfit for duty owing to neuroses of familial origin or direct sex origin.

7.) The number of homosexuals in the nation is increasing rapidly.

8.) There is a large and growing surplus of marriageable women in America who will be forced, if they follow the laws and customs, to abstain from sex relations and motherhood.

9.) Prostitution, although repressed during the war, has made a swift postwar return in most large cities.

10.) During the war, infidelity among the wives of soldiers was the chief liability to morale.

11.) Since V-E Day, the majority of men in the army of occupation have had no scruples against cohabitation with the enemy's women.

There is no need to continue the list. Our divorce rate,

alone, would show that the people of the United States of America are fiercely dissatisfied with themselves, or the sex mores in which they have been reared, or with both. It seems inevitable that in about ten years marriage will be regarded as a "trial"—with an even chance of failure. It is common for persons who are betrothed to engage in exploratory sex relations. So Judge Ben Lindsay's "Companionate marriage"—which scandalized the Twenties—has been widely put into practice without benefit of legislation.

I cite these facts and make these observations in no censorious fashion. There they are, along with multitudes—symptoms of social unrest, surely, and of mental disease to the precise extent that they represent behavior not in accordance with the purpose of human sex instinct. *But I do not know what that extent is.* And my ignorance symbolizes a thought I would like to express.

I am a moral philosopher, accustomed to dealing in moral terms. I am familiar with the application of scientific law and principle to event. But I am also an American. I have no way of measuring the degree to which I suffer with the appalling, centuries-old epidemic that afflicts sex living in this nation. I am sure that we are ill; I am sure the viruses have come mainly from the church and somewhat from patriotism; but I am sure, in consequence, that any conclusions I might reach or predictions I might make

concerning the future of sex living in America would be incomplete. It is my opinion that I have shaken off the illness; certainly I have made every effort; but I would step out of the most healthful perspective I own if I asserted it as a fact.

Instead, I would like the reader to consider the sex violence done to him in our society; I would have him make an effort to be abstract and detached as he does so, a veritable Martian for the moment, in the hope that he may glimpse—however faintly—the ubiquity and enormity of our psychological disease. If he cannot see it as a great plague the nation is dying of, or dead of already, he may, at least for the moment, see it as the racing shadow of an eclipse sweeping over the landscape and he may be able afterward to remember that such a thing exists, even though he has a mere impression of it.

We are animals.

Next to preserving ourselves, reproducing ourselves is most important to us.

For self-preservation, every scintilla of our energy and intelligence has been applied openly. We have designed and mass-produced every necessity, and luxuries unheard-of elsewhere in human time and space. At the other end of the scale of self-preservation, we have made ourselves militarily the most powerful nation in this period. We are

masters of self-preservation; we serve its every archetype—privately and together.

But the nature of the second most important body of instincts is a national secret.

It is worse than a secret. Whatever it is that we Americans are not allowed to know and to do and to discuss until we are married, is Dirty.

The Freudians suggest that the linking of sex and squalor in the human mind arises from the fact that the sex organs lie near and involve organs of elimination. But I think another and more subtle possibility must be considered: men who worshiped gods and insisted they were made in God's image long ago found it impossible to accept the fact of sex—and elimination, too, for that matter—along with the divine illusion; so they drove sex as far as possible into the unconscious, secret and tabu recesses of their heads, using every cruel and wicked device they could invent to abet the process, and they concluded afterward that not themselves, but sex, was evil, obscene, impure and repugnant—a worldly burden which the holy should ignore when they could and deplore, always. I think the concept of obscenity came from that vanity—the godly man's effort at self-elevation—and I suspect that the anatomical juxtaposition was the lesser motive. The birthing of children, I think, so vividly reminded man he was animal and stood so fiercely in refutation of his religious

lie, that he long ago made woman the lower creature in his mind, as a further assist to his arrogance. Hence the blame goes to Eve—and for stealing an apple. But the fruit was the animal's fruitfulness, the seed his seed, and the theft was of his own integrity—so he could seem to be making to God what he regarded as a gift of a better man than God ever made, or needed to make.

Let me hypothesize the present result. You are an average, intelligent American, well educated, or at least, well read. When you were a child, you were not given a plain name for your sex organs and functions like eye, or look, but nouns like "place" and verbs like "tinkle." By the time you were three, you were well aware that sex was tabu. Questions—at least when asked in public—brought a sharp and particular rebuke, or silence. You had learned embarrassment. You didn't see nakedness—or, if you saw it at home, you saw at the same time how frantically it was concealed everywhere else. They told you that storks brought babies, or the doctor, or perhaps that babies grew up inside mothers—but nobody really explained.

At five or six or seven, you learned the lore and fables of school. Anthropologically, you were an early barbarian and as such entitled to share in the tribal knowledge. Instead, you shared the tribal silence. You had already become a creature of guarded fear and compulsory negation. You were not then ready for arts of the intellect—for

aesthetics—for love and romance; unvarnished truth was the meat for your psyche. But they gave you the sentiment and romance and none of the facts. Marriage was sacred; truth, vile.

You were a long time learning the names that corresponded for ear and eye and nose—and not surprised, when you did learn that these are still untranslated, still couched in the latin: penis, vulva, vagina. Perhaps you didn't learn clitoris till you were grown and millions don't know it now—the word, or that for which it stands. Think of the significance there—that millions do not know enough about their own bodies to be allowed to make love! No knowledge. No vocabulary. No way to think. Discipline, tabu, restraint, repression, lies.

You grew up as a person would who lived in a society that had no names for food and spent most of its relevant energy in trying to conceal and to deny the fact that it ate.

When you were of a good age—twelve, perhaps, or perhaps eighteen—you learned synonyms for the names of the organs of sex. Dozens of words, all forbidden, all obscene, all self-conscious, that is. If you would gain a quick knowledge of our general disease, write down as many of those synonyms as you can call to mind, reflect what they stand for in the life of man, and see what you think of your civilization then!

Your school was silent on the subject of sex. Your

Sunday School was pre-emptory. You were told a hundred or a thousand times not to commit adultery before you knew how to do it. Not to masturbate—not, that is, to emulate Onan, whose “sin” was entirely different. Not to covet your neighbor’s wife. Not to lust in your heart. All the hierarchal fiat that save the face of Christendom (in its own opinion) at the cost of its reason.

It is not necessary to fill the background fuller. The reader may or may not recognize himself here. But there is no question of the secrecy of sex in America, no question that the churches maintain the secrets with every violence limned in the Old Testament, and no question in my mind that a people so determinedly ignorant are mad.

The ignorance bred in the child begets the later beast, as every prison psychologist knows. Robert Lindner’s *Stone Walls and Men* exhibits how millions of grown Americans must be locked up because sex was locked up from their youth. How can modesty, genuine delicacy, the sensitive art of courtship be founded on bleakest ignorance or the hidden belief that the true intention is sinful or disgusting? What immorality! Who has never seen a child born is not even a normal spectator of this world, but a fop of some sort, or a low coward—a victim of our weird environment. We should as soon and as exquisitely exhibit movies of people making love as kissing. The one is the invitation—the other, the art. And all biology must despise

Americans for the crude, stupid love they mostly make; it is a shame upon animals, on man's own dignity and woman's, and on Nature. Somehow, they should teach themselves.

I can see here the reading priest and preacher and their pocketfuls of politicians aghast, all of them, for they are convinced that the mere exhibition of another inch of the female bosom will destroy morals from Bangor to San Diego. But they are the authors of rape, the inventors of lust, the prison-fillers, the asylum-crammers, these men. Vermin have better morals. The tables which show how our homes are crumbling out from under our great, free, Christian nation would be proper ledgers for assaying them, come a Judgment Day.

Yet every dispirited statistic of our common misery reveals the determination of truthful instinct to prevail. What people are not allowed to read and write about in public, to weigh and consider and discuss, they undertake to express and to solve by the act of blind living. The men and women and children of broken homes, the whores and homosexuals and murderers and drunkards and drug addicts, are the true church martyrs—human beings who paid out of ignorance the price which the churches exact to keep the reins of biology in their proud, merciless grasp.

I think this franchise should be taken away from them, now. They have mutilated man and truth with it—owned

man and possessed him with it—for too long. And they have refused to sanction or administer the truths discovered since those olden times with which they are perpetually enraptured. Perhaps this emancipation, alone, would be enough to reverse the disintegration of our society and make its restoration a work of common assent—a conscious activity, replacing the instinctual necessities now lived out unconsciously by the anguished flesh. It is not our conduct which needs emancipation; that, under the yoke of holy secrecy and silence, is even now too reckless—too unseeing and irresponsible; it is our minds which cry for liberty, truth, and the right of self-determination.

I would free the mind, then, restoring to a noble animal the rights and responsibilities of which it has been deprived. But, as I said, I would not draw some new, arbitrary pattern for him. I mistrust extempore in this by me, or any man. The rigid rule is the ancestral mistake. We will need more study, more discussion, more science and a higher sense of the alternatives which confront our every flicker of a thought, to create a society suitable to our instinct and what we know, alike. But we could achieve this.

Will mankind someday practice his own eugenics, that he uses now for domestic beasts and is too witless and too afraid to think about in reference to himself? Perhaps he will. Or euthenasia? Will he so calm and integrate his

instincts that he can become wise concerning procreation and with it his death-wish and, for example, spare all torturous efforts of his mangled offspring to become articulate nothings—mere voices that but show the cleverness of the teacher at the cost of the teacher's life? Will he give surcease to cancerous lingering? Or quit his present big effort to set up slightly sensibler movements in the halfwit? I think he will have enough judgment when he has faced the eyes of enough truth.

Is he a monogamist? Will he mate for life and will each father become a sun, each mother the moon, in a family of planets? Or will he transmute the family into the small community and so exhibit the instincts of possessiveness, and so control jealousy, that love of all ages will be the proper expression for all men—and sex but an instrument of it among many? Or will parenthood become the expression only of parental instinct, and love, in some different Huxleian future, be everyone's idle pleasure? Who can now ascertain? We have too much obscured true tendencies.

The projects and the proper answers lie ahead of us. I cannot quite imagine how the honest spirit would live—whether in this fashion or that or with any choice of manners, and criticism for none—because the roots of that part of my imagination may not be enough developed for the feat, or tendrils of them, for all I can know, may still reach

into a poisoned earth. A better environment is needed, first: truer instruction and a more moral climate. All I know is the sad, reckless attempts of our present, and the adaptability of man, who has lived polygamous, polyandrous, promiscuous—that is, with sex manners of every sort—less brutally, less bitterly, less despairfully, less meanly, painfully and hypocritically, and with less shame to his worth, than the people of the United States of America in this year of Grace.

A deep morality must accompany sex, but, to be valid, it must be consciously administered by the man, not bulled on him from old books or lawed on him by the government. Until he designs his own latitudes and duties, he is no man at all, but a bred sheep—a fodder suitable for the cannon he forges with the rage forever rising from his guilty shame that he is an animal and denies it.

X I V

BRIEFLY—ALL TOO BRIEFLY—I HAVE EXAMINED IN THIS essay the nature of awareness. Let me review a little:

Awareness is the instinct of the Instincts—their consciousness of themselves and of the material world.

It has *evolved*.

Its nature is animal, as is man's. He has merely abused the definition of "animal" to aggrandize notions of his soul and intellect.

Man not only acts out his instincts, like all beasts, but puts them in the form of legends and identifies with the legends, so that he says, not, "Instinct compelled me," but, "Thor bade me," "Jehovah forbade me," "I am redeemed," and so on.

As man evolved, so did his legendry, from the most primitive worship of the sun to the most abstract theology of this day.

A particular form of awareness took place when, using time to settle a conflict of his instincts, man noticed the time-user: himself.

The pride he invests in that notice—his arrogant effort to fool and flatter himself—is his ego. It is a temporal

phenomenon which seeks to gratify the immediate wishes for pleasure and to put off or to conceal past and future pain as much as present pain. It is vanity. Individuals pool pride to make the egos of their every group, organization, state, society and current historical age.

The egoist not only refuses to recognize instincts because they are "animal" in nature and invents gods to hide that fact, but in godlessness he also owns an arrogance which he attributes to the "superiority" of his logic or the sciences. Every egoist, religious or atheistic, has therefore lost touch with his instincts; they operate without his consciousness, or with his consciousness impaired by religious descriptions of instinct which, being guessed at and arranged in part to abet vanity, do not coincide with truth. Therefore he is forced to rationalize his behavior—to give intellectual, or institutional, or emotional "reasons" in explanation of blindly instinctual activity.

Instinct operates according to its own thermodynamics and laws of motion. Its energy is never lost but only transmuted. Its inertia is such that it may keep a group of men moving in one way for generations, until a new fact or another instinctual force collides with it. For every fraction of instinct in conscious use, there is an equal and opposite amount in the unconscious mind. Thus the use of an instinctual principle by the ego sets up its opposite liability. (E.g., the soldier previously described; or the young maid

who would be too pure and virtuous and ends up a spinster with a destructive disposition.)

Egotism is the misuse of Time, the false consciousness of Time, the exploitation of Time for its own benefit, instead of the employment of Time for the awareness of the relationship of individual consciousness to instinct and fact.

The instincts in the unconscious mind, and all that the conscious mind is aware of, together with the material repressed by the individual, form the subjective equivalent of all our objective knowledge and identifications—and more besides, since this psychic nexus contains not only the entire past of consciousness but the basis, the buds and rudiments, of future development.

As the individual understands these ideas, he is able to observe them working within himself; as he observes, he experiences a continually new and expanding orientation of himself with other minds and the objective world. He does not merely predicate, but inwardly perceives the balance of instinctual urges.

His best means to this demonstration is his conscience—that organ of instinct which gives him the elective opportunity to deal with every subjective fact as honestly as he deals with objectivity in science.

And he will find that his personality is able to identify instinct by various methods of perception: logic, the values

which provide him with feelings, and intuition. That is, he may weigh up the *idea* that arises from an instinctual urge, or the *feeling*, or a *series of insights* which have used the combined functions of his brain.

Because articulate man has for so long translated instinct as legend, it frequently takes the form of archetypes—*images* which represent fragments of the life-urge. These are the heroes, demons and gods. They appear, also, in dreams. The wise old man, the virgin, the witch, the devil, death. For each of these archetypes there is opposite personification: for Mary—Lilith, Eve, Circe. Symbols, too, which appear in fantasy, in dreams, in primitive art are archetypal and represent the same effort to express and describe instinct to the consciousness; symbols are deeply germane to the species because they began before there was any terminology fit for the discussion of such prodigious impulses, such conflicts, such imaginings as early men experienced. Trees, snakes, rivers, crosses, are such primeval metaphors. And the plots of the legends are archetypal: the modern businessman dreams stories that were told around campfires half a million years ago with the ancient purpose of reminding his ego of a particular instinctual pattern.

More ideas than these have been considered, of course; and these have been quickly examined for their evidence.

If the reader has followed them to this point and gained

some insight into the broad theme, I am grateful for his patience and attention. Instinct alone has been acting through the evolving life of our planet for a billion years—without verbalization. Words are clumsy to describe it; the semantical problem is tremendous.

But, for that reader who has understood a little, I would like to make a few suggestions of a positive sort.

If he sees the world as I see it—a world of men who are acting in national concerts, and privately, by instinct—a world of men who rationalize what they do so that it will seem holy, or noble in an Aryan Germany, or a personal evidence of “righteousness”—a world of men who possess sudden and enormous physical strength but hardly more sense than apes—and if this spectacle afflicts the days and hours of the reader with such misgiving and anxiety as I have suffered from it, and if he finds in himself no extricability of his spirit from the general predicament, he will spend much time and much effort and a great deal of thought in a search for a solution or a resolution of his subjective quandary.

What can I do? He will ask that. What is the truth? Why do men seem peacefully disposed as human beings and yet why are they continually aggravated to wars which steadily increase in violence and threaten to overwhelm the species? Why—even if my physical needs are tended to and my earthly security is as well guaranteed as

can be—am I obsessed with anxieties? Is man crazy? Is life but for this nervous apprehension? Are we doomed?

In the system of the conscious-unconscious mind which I have attempted here to describe a little, in the very knowledge of the inner nature of man which science has elicited, there is, I think, the means for each individual to find his answers. It is the not unreasonable hypothesis of certain modern psychologists that instinct is designed to serve man as it has served the billion years of other animals—to integrate him, direct him, shape his evolution, and maintain him in that degree of awareness of himself which is required for the proper functioning of his organism. According to that hypothesis, it should be possible for the individual to achieve in his life his proper orientation—his happiness—and for the masses of men to proceed with conscious contentment to their destiny.

Instinct, however, serves the whole species, acts in timeless time, and tends to destroy or at least to negate the individual or group that acts outside the direction which is described by the use of energy in a harmony with all the opposite forces of itself. To instinct, wrong-willed nations are cheap and individuals—cheap as the leaves of trees, unless they fulfill their function. I have described the violations of instinct which gave rise to the illusion of ego long ago and which infest this modern world. For our myriad, separate refusals to serve and employ the process

of subjective honesty, the conscience, the inner science that parallels the outer, we are, collectively, at perpetual stake. We suffer, fail, die at the hands of one another. Our nations are a mixture of collective ego and collective unconscious and their concepts of themselves, of their purposes, of their motives, of their ideals and constitutions, are but rationalizations of the truth.

Let me refresh the reader's memory with an illustration of this operation of instinct and opposites on the grand scale, before I make the few suggestions I have in mind. Consider Russia. Here is a government that is often said to be like a religion. It is a better example of unconscious law at work than any religion because Russia can be contemplated by everyone without the interference of godly ideas of the Reds or the contemplator.

John Fischer, in *Harper's*, has pointed out more adequately than anyone else the analogues of communism with religion. The Russian party member is a dedicated zealot whose body and mind belong to the Kremlin. Lenin is God. Stalin is the Son. Marx is the Holy Ghost. The thirteen in the Politbureau are the Apostles. The replicas of desks and hats and notebooks belonging to Lenin which are displayed everywhere in Russian museums are the Holy Relics. The communist doctrine is the Faith. It is Absolute—though mystically alterable by encyclical. It is taught even to babes in the catechismic form. Mr. Fischer carries

this analogue to amazing details; but the foregoing will suffice for demonstration.

If we grant the premises in this essay, it must follow that the Kremlin, which is the church and therefore the repository of instinct, administers it, also. But communism is atheistic—a member must have no God at all. The state owns the private conscience but has no access to it such as the submission to espionage in the confessional. The state is therefore compelled to institute a general espionage. For whenever an archetype opposed to the communist religion rises even in one man, the state must learn of it before it spreads. The NKVD is thus the conscience of one hundred and eighty million human beings—secretly alive amidst them and working to protect the state archetypes.

Communism is an intellectual system for the management of objectivity and it considers man as an object. All instinctual motivation outside that premise is heresy. An inquisition—fear and constant intimidation—must therefore be maintained to keep the instinctual man firm in this artificial belief and behaving according to it. Yalta is thus Heaven, and Siberia, Hell—and the firing squads represent a constant Judgment Day on earth. But the citizens are judged not according to their instinctual nature or according to the conscious opposites in any religion but according to a mere logos-material principle. They have given up conscience itself—the heart of awareness and the central

function of life—for promises of mundane security. No individual is secure, so the orientation must be transposed in such a way as to make the individual believe in his remaining conscious mind that his future security impinges upon the present security of the system and the state. He must be made to argue to himself he is a forfeit. The archetype of war is the archetype for such self-sacrifice. Revolution and the Second World War well served that synthetic kind of consciousness. Now, to retain the communist archetypes and to suppress their valid opposites, two means are necessary besides intimidation and the internal surveillance of every person: first, the constant expression and advocacy inside Russia of communism and communistic *superiority*, and second, an iron curtain which will shut out from the hypnotized, disoriented citizens every fleck of truth contrary to the dogmatic *assertion*. Possessed of a few archetypes, they are possessed by all—exploiting certain instincts, they are at the unwitting mercy of the rest, and zombies rule their zombie hordes.

This portrait of the psychology of communist Russia could not only be endlessly compared with any religious diagram, but infinitely extended from the viewpoint of the analytical psychologist. It could even be predicted from the design that aggressive war or revolution is inevitable for the Russians within the generation. For instinct gives no quarter to the violators of its natural law; and revolu-

tion, or drastic change in the government, is more likely than war in a state so much at the mercy of its own human nature. I have said enough, I think, to remind my reader again how the philosophy here described is pertinent to all men, everywhere, separately, or together.

To return to the question. What shall we do?

The answer for the individual is clear. Through the use of his conscience, and with insight into natural law, he can extend his awareness as far as he will.

To be conscious of the instincts and to be conscious in the instinctual sense is his chief function. Learning psychological law and meditating it in the intellect is of little avail. It must be applied by the man to his every thought and notion, dream, fantasy, memory and motive. The illumination that ensues takes the form of inward experience, of heightened consciousness, of the fulfillment of the newly educated mind through performance.

This experience is called, by some, transcendence. It exists in every category and degree and individual variety. When the nerves of the mystic are shaken by it, he has "seen God"—and he is liable to make the mistake of founding a religion on the partial, inadequate basis of his "miraculous revelation". When the scientist is touched by it in the lonely dedication to his patient work, he tries, usually, to repress or ignore the sensation—to burn it up in work and thought—for he has ruled out instinct from

his consideration. He must stick to the last of his impersonalism, his amorality. When the communist, dedicated to his lopsided symbol, has a sensation of lopsided transcendence—his ego partly analyzed away by his sacrifice to the many—the tears come in his eyes, too, and he is equally ready to die or murder for Lenin, Marx, and Stalin. And we know well the common religious counterparts of the natural phenomenon—in Christ, in St. Paul, in the many.

This is the goal, the Grail, of a modern man, but in a complete form. And that cannot be reached by the sacrifice of self to some few archetypes. All such ways lead to more invented dogma, more blunders, more crashings of self-sanctified men against right-thinking men. The modern human being can, through study and introspection and living, transcend all the separate routes by which humanity has sought to express its instinctual devotion to its own causes and evolution. The scientist who finds out instinct will become a moral scientist, and the dogmatist who learns scientific truth and the validity of its method will lose his churchly legend and become a scientific moralist.

It is the ego which insists that the man it occupies must have on tap this instant all the truth and all the answers and all the directions. But such egotism can be set back in the proper perspective of the instinct from which it arose. Thereafter, the mind's owner will know that time

was the illusion and that, while it can answer every question it can ask, the response invariably will contain a new and different inquiry, an altered challenge to the growing consciousness. To be aware of the process, to be involved in it, and to be expanding in it, is the true nature of man. He who knows the archetypes and keeps himself oriented harmoniously between them all, owns his instinct. Time and "free will" are thereby comprehended. The will is and it is not and the question vanishes from him who understands: it was but a false property of the ego. The question beyond concerns the art of man.

Grant that the *individual* can transcend his anxieties, know himself, and thereby discover all his purposes and even the meaning of eternal peace. The reader next says, suppose I do? What matter? What of society? If I own a collective unconscious I must own a duty to my wretched fellowman that is more than subjective. True. Self-sacrifice is the ideal—the method. But the sacrifice of self to impose an ideology is the supreme egoism. To be is the answer and to do is a product.

One conscious individual—one carpenter's son with a little more insight than the rest—shaped the destiny of man for two thousand years. He left behind an archetype—a legend of crucifixion and resurrection—which stood so adequately for the instinctual reawakening, and for the acceptance by man of his representation of all the agony

and ecstasy of evolution, and for his need to distill away his ego by the use of truth, that empires and ages have regarded his story as the *perfect* expression.

It was, of course, a magnificent representation in view of the knowledge of mankind two millennia ago—a symbolism sufficient for ancient objectivity. And, of course, it falls short today. It has necessarily been distorted and corrupted to serve private and mass egotisms. Science has given it the lie. Furthermore, the reader will not expect of himself to become a modernistic Christ.

I simply use the example at an apogee. The purpose of every man is to live honestly in the material world and to extend his consciousness by integrity in this other—half and half. One man, even trying to become aware in such a fashion, is leaven enough to undo the doctrines of fifty entrenched bishops and refute the hypocrisies in a mountain of holy wafers. It is evident, also, that were enough men to turn their attentions in this way, the whole world would come about, arrest its instinctual regression, and begin to become aware. How many men it would take to establish the process forever—what percentage—I cannot say. But a small number would make a small start and the time is always ripe.

For the general purpose, following my notion that in historic event is the big shape of personal happenings, I think that education could profit if it were to embark upon

the serious, subjective instruction of wisdom in the order man has learned it. Anthropology provides the proper schedule for subjective study by the child.

The great advantage of the deep, inner realization that man is animal lies in the fact that it reveals the amount of work and effort he must expend to accomplish his good purposes—to use his virtues creatively and his destructive impulses for the destruction of that which impedes his consciousness, beginning with his ego. The very acceptance of our animal nature and origin and state is, itself, the biggest blow to the ego. We have imagined that, as super-beasts, as animals with souls, or animals made superior with reason, there ought to be for us a quick and handy way to personal perfection and the achievement of Heaven on Earth. But if we *know* we are animals, we see how we must evolve, and that the more conscious we make ourselves, the sooner we shall evolve. It is time which we can use—not fate we can immediately command.

What Darwin discovered, and what has been added to that, ought to be implanted in the human mind at an early age and the alibis which have thus far hidden both the shock and the value of the finding—be they religious or intellectual—should be wrung out of all instruction. This is the first proposal for the education of the young.

What we have learned of ethnology—our mixed origins—should next be made plain to the growing student. Our

national and racial prejudice is founded upon ignorance and fear. The Anglo-Saxon father does not realize and hence feel that he is part Semitic from the Phoenicians and part Negro from the Iberians. He is afraid of other races because he is afraid of himself—because he fears his own man—and to protect himself from the knowledge of his constant panic, he develops an arrogance of race, or a ridicule of other races and nations. This, he passes on to his son, generation after generation. The circumstance, and its attending facts, ought to be taught in school to the ten-year-old, and not just in college to a few candidates for philosophical doctorates. It would begin the blood-brotherhood of man at the right age, and as no exhortation ever will. It is scientific.

Next on the public curriculum should come that significant finding about man which next occurred in history: the discovery of the unconscious mind—Freud's learning of the unconscious dominion of the sex-instincts. The home and the schools of an animal that now knows its universal kinship with beasts will be ready to receive the ideas. Sex symbols, totems, tabus, fetishes, the Oedipus complex, all the hidden, ageless patterns and data of sex should be taught so that they are incorporated in the common mind and the common behavior. The sex-franchise of the church, from which it draws its strength, will then be broken altogether and replaced by the conscience of the

aware individual—instead of broken piecemeal and replaced by the haphazard experiment of modern men and women, or by a Party Line, or any fragment of the great constellation of sex-archetypes.

Society by then would be sufficiently conscious, sufficiently productive of responsible individuals, and sufficiently understanding of its own instincts, to govern itself on a world basis and maintain at the same time, peace and liberty. Half of the ill—the psychosomatics—would heal. Prisons and asylums would empty. Common knowledge of psychology would supplant the shortage of psychiatrists. These gentlemen bemoan the incidence of neurosis and madness today. The idea that their science could become the property of home and school would irritate and maybe amuse them: they are haughtily learned. But, then, the idea that common man would drive a car and own electric lights would doubtless have startled Galvani, or Newton, or Pythagoras. Moreover, people learn rapidly if given the chance—as the Russian experiment with literacy has indicated. No. The whole thing's evident in the history of psychological discovery, in the parallel order by which the few discovered objective law and the many were taught it, and in the way the individual recapitulates the story of his species between the cradle and maturity. Man's madness will end when he cures it generally, and in the hard manner of a universal psychotherapy—of knowing the

truth, in other words. This is the very purpose of religious instinct, the function of reason, the means to destroy the collective ego.

The private person in such a world would be prepared to go onward in the cycles of conscious instinct to a destiny of the mind (and material destinies) which the boldest imagination today is unable to guess. For who can say what would transcend all our present symbols of transcendence? What kind of including awareness would contain all these—not just Leonardo and Freud and Lincoln and Jesus and Bach and Einstein and Shakespeare and Darwin—but the thoughts and deeds that lie beyond the outermost dreaming of these?

Such is the capability of man. Such, in short, is the proper program for a subjective education to equal our present objective teaching.

Man studies the world. He teaches what the world is.

Let him study man, teaching who man is.

There is no present program for this other half of education. Yet I am certain there will be one—someday. For insight into the subjective half of life has come to us as scientifically—as honestly—as insight into the knowledge of matter. The history of science—its beginning, with ridicule and religious torture, its contemporary status in every kindergarten and university—describes the inevitable trend of psychological science, or, if you prefer, the science of

philosophy. You, the reader, and I, this author, are the determinants, in our degree, of how soon this schedule will be put in effect. These are the Dark Ages of subjective knowledge, but the truth has been found. Dawn breaks. The education of man in man is beginning.

Perhaps this sounds like mere music of the mind.

Then think of music.

Here is consciousness—we recognize music universally. Here, too, is instinct. In counterpoint and in the opposite conditions of soul expressed by the variety of music, here are the opposites. The listener is bemused—his remote sensibilities are stirred—the melodic patterns have significance—his strange awareness heightens—and slowly his identification, his very ego, dwindles before the presence of the symphony. He is instructed and satisfied, filled and fulfilled; he goes away different, greater, more knowing of himself and of the wide universe. This is not language, or mathematics, yet it communicates. Here is the conscious instinct. We call it Art.

Here is man—as he should be and truly is. Not the cold scientist. Not the emotional priest. But both and more: *the artist*. He finds his transcendence by losing himself. Beyond pain and pleasure, he is the solar chemistry come alive, knowledgeable, expressive and creative. He is the art of living—the work and the worker—the potter and the clay—his own masterpiece. Equation and the logician.

The whole symbol of existence and, beyond that, the only symbol he can ever truly know. When he is alone, he is everybody; when he is in a crowd, he is alone. He serves Nature, knows Nature, is Nature and all Nature serves him when he so is and acts. Every terrible and wondrous instant of the past occupies him and he occupies it and the door to the future is thereby opened to him. He is, if he will be; he therefore is what he will be. He knows, if he will be true; his honor is therefore the boundary of his mind. He is the coming and the going and the being of eternity. He is the art of earth alive, the greater art of instinct aware, and God is not his perpetual problem achieved: he is, himself.

X V

WE ALSO HAVE OUR INTEGRITIES, WE AMERICANS; OF these, the fundamental one is our variousness and how we have striven to keep ourselves united. The quality least evident in our great men is greatness; yet there is a tang of it in each common person—a democratic spice—which sometimes gives our liberals a conservative turn and often embarrasses our tories with their own brotherliness. More than any nation, we are able to create individuals and to use individuals for the liberation, by some degree, of the lot. One Thoreau at Walden is able, in this country, to appreciate more of the world than all the ambassadors and understand its workings better than the bankers; his contribution is then divided among duck-hunters, and trout-fishermen and the gentlemen who square up emerald nature to play golf on: by the millions—and already for a century. The style of every civilization confines us; but sterile tradition, not so much as other men. We are a ready people and the hour has sounded for us on the world's platform. Yet we hang back. What we need is the giant, not that leads, but that instructs—that takes away the sky, the blue hallucination above our continent,

and points the Infinite Destination. We Americans want only the Idea. We have the know-how.

If we do not take our opportunity, we shall merely belong to the greater part of history which is unwritten because the people did not write it. If we seize that part of the opportunity which pertains to the immediate years and present advantages, we shall but cap all the feats of humanity with humanity's greatest pride—and the wombs of the world will open to deliver our avengers. We who have already lived by the atom bomb will perish by it, and by worse; for every American life we saved at Hiroshima and at Nagasaki by our little, pitiful introduction of the Great Age, the lives of their next generation shall be the forfeit. Someone else will seize the atomic torch to light a better way.

The human adventure on this planet is nearly ended; these are its last pages. Men are aiming at the moon. It will not be many years before they come ashore on Mars; and these nights, when I see the radiant Venus riding in the afterglow, I say, "Hello." My voice is not strong. It trembles, for it speaks not the weak greeting of a wish; it is a preliminary of the event. I know—and I am but saying what I know.

But the other men, who think they know all the truth, and that it has been revealed to them divinely, speak from Compulsion. The name of their compulsion is Fear. Are

they then so important that they must know all? Yes, they estimate that they are. But they are, also, too afraid *not* to know. Too afraid to look within and perceive that the luster of their sacred knowledge is a moonbeam in empty Space, shining on the particles and scanty fragments strewn about in their vacuums. Let them look out, then, because soon they must. Soon, when the last few pages turn.

We shall go to Mars and Venus and perhaps find life there, also. Sentient things, it may be. Things so different and involved that our arrival will be but the first step in communication and we may have to observe them twenty years before we catch the meaning of their chemistries and especial senses. Well, then—Domini? Father? Are these God's children? Do they have souls? Shall we invent a Trinity for them, too, on some metaphysical ground that they own three organs somewhat resembling eyes? Or—shall they be heathen? Shall we exterminate them, for some instinctual act hostile to our intrusion? Or shall we send them missionaries and persuade them that Jesus came to Earth to save them and died for their Martian sins on God's Green Footstool? Or—what shall we say if they send missionaries to us, representing a different God? Will you wait the event, father? Domini? and expound and expostulate (and extort, too, if there's good limestone for cathedrals on Venus) when the occasion arises? Is your God big enough for a truth like that? And if he is,

what is to become of man and of the soul you have made him pay so dearly for, but never let him touch with the strong fingers of his own consciousness?

I think you will wait. It is the conservative position.

But not I.

And I think, the young men and women of this earth will refuse to wait.

For we have come to the time when Nature must be clasped again in her whole body—not seized here where the quick treasures are, and rejected at the seat of understanding, or slighted where she would ask service. We need to understand. We need the Pure Faith of the Pure Truth—the humility of the animal—the imaginations of the instinct—and the exact balance, the perfect morality, that prevails between each pair of the opposed archetypes. We need to know ourselves not from the exalted guesses of crazy prophets, whose sight of a little truth filled them to the brim with gall, and not in order that we may conduct a ceaseless and enslaving atonement for sins we never did, but for what we are and all that we may become. Such knowing will supply a message we can take to other spheres—and to any awareness that is on them. There are Colum-buses in cradles now who are to be the emissaries of such a Faith.

We will go back a twenty thousand years and more to regain the place of man amidst the constellations of life

so that we may go onward the hundreds of millions of miles, the light years, to the eternal condition.

And all terrestrial Apostrophe will end, replaced by Fact. . . .

Psychologists are wont to illustrate their concepts of the psyche with diagrams. They draw nests of circles and set an equator across the middle: what lies above is ego—or perhaps the soul, or the self; what lies below is the unconscious personality—the dreamer, the repressions, the id.

I have another image.

Each man is a ship on a voyage. He recognizes himself to be the Captain. I am the captain of my soul, he sings. He likes the braid and the authority. He eats at the head of the table. He gives the orders. The ladies covet him. He identifies, also, to some extent, with the passengers. They play games and are therefore himself at his games. They have his virtues and his hobbies and perhaps his vices. And each captain knows that he is somewhat the crew. He does his own work. He keeps the ship bright, plumes his exterior, sees to a proper running order of his body.

This ship—which is Everyman—moves through the sea. And the sea is Instinct—the collective unconscious. It has the strength to support the ship by its own displacement and the intrusion of it; the sea also owns the destroying storms. Its currents, if the captain does not judge them properly, can take him off the course; they can hurl him

on rocks at night or strand him on polar ice or gently waft him into doldrums where he will drift out all his days in a tepid atmosphere. The beasts in the sea are the archetypes. They represent all passions of all men—all the opposing impulses of Nature. The sea, moreover, is the place from which the captain and the crew and the passengers originally came—far back on the instinctual line; and they will eventually return to it in rains and rivers. Here then is Instinct—every menace, as well as the whole support; and it is the captain's task to understand and use it rightly.

Now, there is also the sky—the collective ego—the inflated vanities of man—with the sun to bask in, and the clouds to admire (or dread, according to their temporal nature)—and winds that follow, speeding the ship, and the other winds that beat it back and threaten it with the sea. And the fogs.

Each man, if he wishes, can employ this element alone, blowing up his ship with the superficial gases until it floats like a balloon, with all the unconscious cargo buried under the water, a sea anchor on a line. His social vista will be extended by this inflation of the ego and he will be a conspicuous craft, a high personage, but empty, without capacity for cargo, drifting on every breeze and not making any port. And he will be in a bad situation for storms; the anchor in the deep unconscious cannot be cut away and it

may pull apart his airship—or the winds may beat him to pieces. But, when the sailing is pleasant, this is an envied way of life. It has a Park Avenue address and sits on many university faculties.

Some men, by the same figure, are desperate rafts—all but submerged in Instinct—waving with expiring arms for aid or cannibalizing each other. They never knew that they were launched as ships. Or they traded their ship for some temporary convenience and only the raft remains now that the chief asset is spent. They stare and starve and stab each other and the sharks shove them overboard. The ocean is seen dotted with such rafts by the wide scrutinizer. Some are even heaped with money, but neither the castaways nor the sharks have any lust for the bills and gold.

On the stout vessel, the rich cargo of purpose proceeds toward the goal and harbor. The passengers are content. The captain examines the sun for information and the turning log for a report of the deep unconscious. If more knowledge be needed he has charts and the ship's library—his education, and access everywhere on board to advice.

There may be, of course, malcontents below decks—or men in chains—sins which the skipper has put out of sight and punished doubly by forgetting. These, if such exist, plot to drill through the ship and scuttle it or to mutiny, with the aid of bribed prison wardens, and set the ship on fire or blow it up or rape the women and escape in a small

boat. They also, sometimes, lure attack from the archetypal monsters that swim in the abyss—for they remember their relationship.

Such is man and his journey—every man. Some carry wealth and are swift; some are slow tankers with a coastal voyage to make. But all the conditions are the same. The view is equally interesting. The opportunity to live is equal. And the voyage of greatest profit is not the one that delivers the rarest cargo but the one that puts to port with cargo intact and captain most content. Some skippers pray their way across, pretending a direct access to God; they seldom meet the people on the boat who do not pray, and they rarely know the crew. Some are scientists of navigation and do not deign to associate with the rest of the world; their talk is mathematics. But all must face the same sea, the same weathers, and the beasts; these cannot be avoided either in a palace or in a dungeon.

Most skippers fail to make the great discovery (which comes piecemeal to the honest observer) that they are not just captain and crew and passengers but the cargo and the ship—and the sea and the wind besides, if they can understand the venerable association; that they are their own idlers and enjoyers, students and mutineers; that they are even more than men, being somewhat females. For the opposite which resides inside them, explains why the ship is called “she”—and this gives them an all but mystical

association with every woman on board, making it possible to understand women and to learn how each one woman is them all.)

Whatever this assembly of facts from space and events from time may do or achieve, is one man's life. Who is rescued, what is read in the library, the passing ships encountered, and all the endless palaver of the radio antenna—this is the same, too. For the true captain is with everything and everyone in the world and he is of the world but he is also alone in the world because he *is* the world.

Such is consciousness, the infinite mirror, the magic glass which takes images of fact and projects reality from the imagination.

Such is Nature.

Such is Instinct. And if the exact knowledge of it be utilized, if the steady conscience for truth be held to every panorama, great and small, such will become the incorporation of the spirit. If not, the storm will wreck, the winds destroy, the mutineers take charge, and the derelict—mad, neurotic, overwhelmed by archetypes—will return to the sea before its captain learns the sea.

All truth is accessible to the truthful.

This analogue, of earth and ship and people for the individual psyche, has been a convenience, at least to me. It is no diagram, but itself as if alive, and in every different way alive. Music and art can be projected upon it and ex-

pressed from it. It personalizes impulses for me. It gives, as a parallel for subjective laws—for moral laws, that is—every kind of natural and mechanical law. I can use it to imagine the group (the convoyed or the peacetime fleet or the battle fleet) and thereby see a little more clearly the relations of the individual to the many and of private ways to the directions of the many. It has for me a good deal of dimension, and measures off algebras of personality. It is my flexible legend when I want it to be—and resembles other legends exactly: it is the voyage of my Argo.

The reader may find for himself a more suitable instrument. But one is needed, a new semantic, a broader language than words. For Instincts are not words. They will have existed a billion years before this part of an Instinct was named Beelzebub, that, Holy Virgin, and another, the tale of Cain and Abel.

It is, indeed, in language—that biological property of *genus Homo*—that the illusion was first couched, and probably it was language that set up the illusion. When the screams of pain and warning became words, and onomatopoeia named beasts by their sounds, when the primate recognized he had a language, he vividly observed how different he was from other animals and certainly assumed the difference a new superiority. But, in the assumption—in this very act of his original sin—early man perceived sin—early man perceived that no matter how he wished or

willed to express his superiority, the impulses in him that were bestial had a power of their own to command him. It was a stronger power than any his ego could muster and should have made him humble, when he perceived it. But his vanity had doubtless become more important to his every little moment than his integrity. So he bestowed the powers on the suitable elements, on the rocks and trees, the wind and the shining sun, and then, to atone for the willful error (or pitiful mistake), he humbled himself to these. After that came the host of idols, of gods and legends, the descent of which can be traced from cave altar to cathedral, and in both also can be found the same rationalization, the same repudiation, the same exaltation, the same tyranny.

Language has its opposite, then: it makes all things communicable; it is used to hide all causes.

In the beginning was the Word.

And the word was God. Alas!

Language is the poor instrument at my disposal; and it has not served me very well, nor I, it. Partly for that reason, I have tried to set pictures in this essay—and allegories, like the voyage of the ship. But, even so, the use of words hardly expresses a tenth of the psychological functions. The sensations are too individual in the reader, as are the feelings, the emotions; and intuition may be set down in words a thousand ways by a thousand men in a thousand

eras—each statement with the same intent—and the meaning will be clear to but a handful.

It was my intuition here that faiths in God have consumed our sanity and that there is, nevertheless, a Reason for that long and terrible obsession which makes repudiation of God an equally blind occupation. I have sought to study and present this—to pair up and compare the archetypes—so as to discover what formulation would explain the phenomenon and the mad civilizations which Christendom and Paganism alike produce.

I doubt if I have been very much successful. I fret myself because those very principles which Christians most protest are the principles I most earnestly regard; and yet to describe how they may be elicited from Nature and from Science, I have found it necessary to say their God is an image and they are themselves idolators. I have offended what they accept as sacred truth in the very way that they offend the truth as I descry it in this world.

I have offended every liberal who would bring about a better world by discarding God and organizing man to share and share alike—for I have said that the God which the Christian or Mohammedan talks about is not real, but his underlying principle is far more real than the idea man lives but to manufacture, distribute and consume. I have said that we will always contain our wonder and our terribleness and that these can be assimilated, understood,

and put to use only by one individual at a time and neither by congregations nor by political parties.

I have probably offended the scientist by bringing together haphazardly so many of his sciences as analogues—and using one as language to discuss another. He would prefer a demonstration or an equation; and to tell him that in the subjective world he alone can understand the formulae, and only within himself, does not satisfy those past premises of his which have been so successful in the material sphere.

I have disappointed the mystic—that curious person who acts courageously, and with the motive of seeking truth, on all the data and impressions he receives from those vestigial and rudimentary organs that abound in the collective unconscious. I have materialized no ectoplasm for him, given him no new access to dead souls, devised no fresh explanation of Survival. But the mystic is motivated by his ego, like the godly man. His impression that immortality and eternity ought to exist for him as he sees and senses himself in the moment—his sensation of the instinctual forces—is so intense that he sets himself to rearranging archetypes and inventing legends, led on, as I say, by inklings of resources in the electric brain that we have hardly guessed at or ever used properly—or resources we once had which are almost deafened by eons of disuse. To the extent that such enterprise is the ego's vain pursuit of

its own excellence, it is a waste of time and produces delusions; to the extent it is a scientific experiment—in telepathy or the possibility of distant seeing—let scientists examine it and announce the proof or refutation when they have it.

There are more senses to a man than he can check the true accountings of, already. He would do better to narrow his perceptions for a while—to meditate more, do simpler things with a larger part of his time, and reacquaint himself with the actual face of Nature—than to invent exotic dogmas to prove the lie that his ego is immortal or try to resurrect old senses or to strain new ones. Life is now—the whole of it—expressed in an animal so infinitely capable, that it is infinite function to live consciously and foolish to fiddle and fancy forever.

I have offended many and not offered in compensation that fashionable article, a Plan. I say, the Plan is. I do not even have a Political Idea that lies to the Left or the Right. For I believe the politics of man is democracy—whatever his immediate system. Instinct, acting in him, will sooner or later expunge his blunders and compensate for his exaggerations. If white men murder the world, they'll be slain for it by themselves in the long run. A democratic government is not a system, in the sense that communism is—or the totalitarian state, but merely a channel wherein the aspect of government can be constantly changed, according

to changes among the people. The post office is at the moment communal, the agricultural benefits are socialist and the steel mills are owned by capitalists. All of this is democracy and expresses the validity of the principle.

When man used the repressive brain to hold back the conflict of his instinct, he discovered the precious dimension of time and his own image—his ego—existing there; he has, so far, extended the dimension largely to flatter the image, putting his whole energy in the work. Our democracy is only a little more aware—through individuals—of this phenomenon, than the compulsory states. They have their revolutions, their wars, their suicides, and we, our internal struggles, with the threat of suicide hanging over us, too, so long as we persist in merely exploiting Nature—the outer, and our inner natures as well. Our democracy is more successful because of the room for function it permits to instinct (for the “checks and balances”) than it is for any great intelligence we own, or exhibit as voters or in our representatives. The validity of the form saves us over and over where other nations explode or collapse. For that is the purpose of Instinct—that we be Saved. Saved, increased, and rendered more aware.

I would incorporate the human race, with no man barred that lives in it, and a share of stock for each—the dues proportional to his lot—the purpose to find all truth and controvert all falsehood. That is the point, in the range

of the centuries, however many kings and priests and scholars move this group or that to give evidence of contrary circumstances. Time pulls down their structures.

And there is Time and to spare. The planet's young—two billion years of age—and energy enough is present in the sun for fifty. Man could destroy himself and his cities (and he will destroy his cities either in reason or wrath, for he is not made for them, and when he makes a suitable place for himself, it will be no city) and bring his species to an end—and start again—and he would have no need to worry about the durability of man until he'd gone this whole range in evolution two dozen times over, failing each time to discover what his nature is and his purpose. That may seem a scant consolation to a reader who has joined only Holland, or the Presbyterian Church, or Christendom, and it may not still the anxiety of a reader who insists the world become better by his son's time at the very latest, but to one who has joined himself with Nature, it is an exaltation of Hope.

What are we anxious for in all respects but ourselves? Who are we but appetites with greedy opinions grafted on them—opinions we hold divine just because they are ours?

We must return to work in the inner nature half our time and work in the outer world only for the balance of our hours. Vicarious living—luxury and vanity—monoto-

nously destroys us down the ages. And nine-tenths of the energy expended in America is for that. Were I an educator, I would teach truth, and that character is nothing else, and fly with truth at every prejudice and every arrogant institution and hurl it in the face of every public liar. For, when the individual compromises with the moral order of instinct, he dies; and when many do it together, they die.

As I close this Essay—as I prepare to step again into my small life, my writing, my gardens, the sea I swim in, my friends, and the rush of a society gone mad—I feel that there should be some way to express the sense of freedom I have experienced often in my days, the exaltations I find in the midst of general disorder and the accumulations of dismay. When I think that—I wonder, as I always do, why so few men seem to catch the excitement that is in the air. For this is a prodigious chapter in the human story and we are alive to participate. We are close to a hold on Value—on Morality—on Eternal Truths. We have seized the energy of the atomic secret of the universe and, as a good philosopher would anticipate, the other secret now lies in the palm of our hand, tells itself in our hearts, and explains itself to the thinking brain: the secret of the equal, opposite energy of Instinct.

We are not animals like God, it says; but we could be Godlike animals.

It points to the sun, this Instinct, and to the planets at night.

See, Man, it whispers. If you want to know the Truth . . .
They're yours, now.

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